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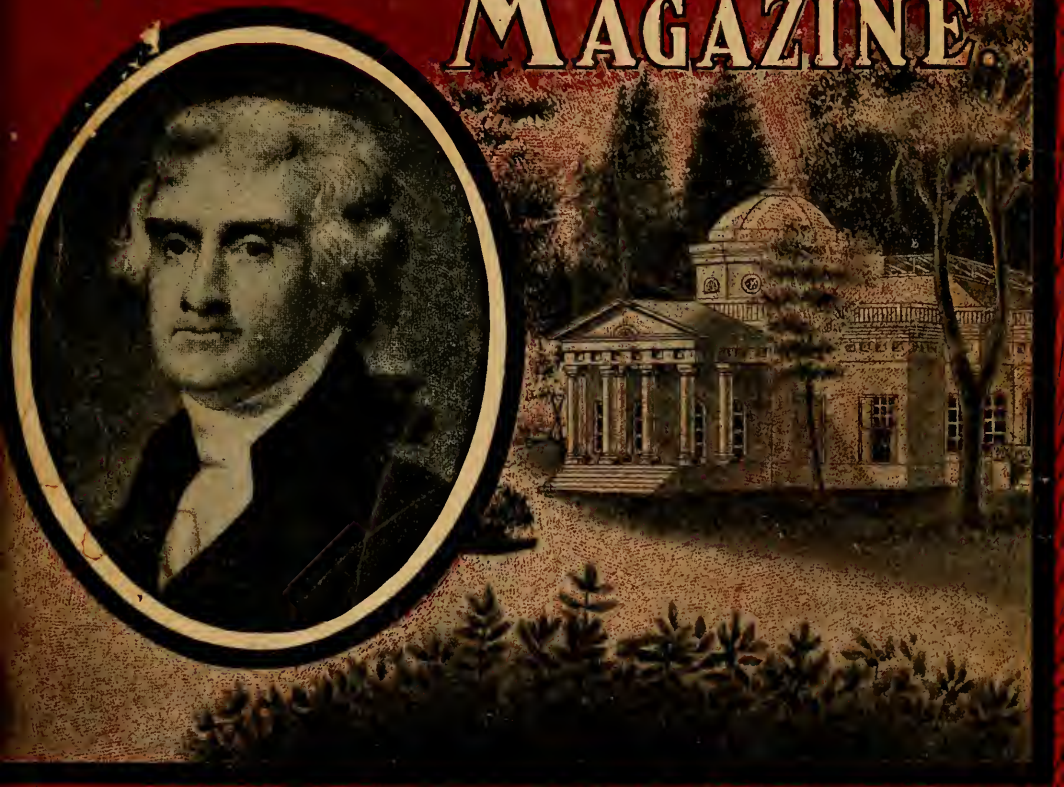
WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE



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WATSON'S JEFFERSONIAN MAGAZINE

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MADONNA

From painting by Ferruzzi. Courtesy Campbell Art Company, New York.

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

Vol. II DECEMBER, 1908 No. 12

EDITORIALS

After Election Thoughts

The stolen letters which Hearst produced and used proved conclusively that the indictment which the Populists brought against both the old parties was true. We said the Democratic party was as subservient to Corporation and Trust Control as the Republican party.

The letters read by Hearst establish this fact beyond all question. With sagacious impartiality the Standard Oil Company subsidized leading "statesmen" of both parties.

Through Haskell, the Democrat, the Trust got what it wanted in Oklahoma, just as it got what it needed in Ohio through Foraker, the Republican.

The Pops have long known "how the rascals play the game."

* * * * * * * * * *

The Socialists got left in spite of Deb's spectacular and expensive campaign. After four years of continuous and strenuous work they show up about the same strength they had in 1904. Failing to demonstrate material growth the Socialist movement will shrink. If they can't win ground under the favorable canditions furnished them by the panic of last October and the long depression which has followed, how can they ever expect to do it?

* * * * * * * * * *

If Mr. Bryan had been as strong as the Democratic State ticket in Ohio, he would have carried the State. The same thing is true of Minnesota, Michigan, and Indiana. He could not even carry New York City, in which Judge Parker received a handsome plurality.

In 1896, Bryan was stronger, much stronger, than his party; in 1908 he was weaker, much weaker, than his party.

The fact is, even the Democrats have had a bellyful of their Talmadge.

* * * * * * * * * *

Bryanism is still worrying itself lest the people who have bank accounts should lose their deposits.

Populism is concerning itself about the millions of people who have no bank accounts, and who, under existing conditions, never will have any.

* * * * * * * * * *

The superb courage of Mr. Taft was the most admirable feature of his campaign. Baited and badgered by the negro leaders who threatened to deliver the negro vote to Bryan, Taft never batted an eye. He stood manfully to the pro-Southern position which Roosevelt and he have taken, oblivious to the fact that the Bryanites were turning the resentment of the negroes into a Democratic asset.

Savagely assailed by Samuel Gompers on his injunction record, threatened with the wholesale deflection of the labor vote for which the Bryanites had made a most dangerous bid, Taft never flinched. He stood to his guns with the courage of a man who felt that he was right, and the assault of Mr. Gompers failed utterly.

Opposed by the Standard Oil gang, which the Government is prosecuting, opposed by the Tobacco Trust which the Government is trying to break up, Mr. Taft made no compromise with these powerful law-breakers who were throwing their support to Bryan, and when the sly and malicious old coon, Jno. D. Rockefeller, came out for Taft, the hypocritical billionaire was spurned both by the President and Mr. Taft.

* * * * * * * * * *

As the people get their bearings, and see the Bryanite campaign in its true light, they will realize how desperately unscrupulous it was.

Expecting two-thirds of his electoral vote from the South, Mr. Bryan deliberately sought to use for his own benefit the resentment which Roosevelt and Taft had aroused among the negroes by virtually saying that the Southern States were right in passing Disfranchisement laws which nullify the 14th and 15th Amendment to the Constitution.

Claiming to be a foe to the Trusts and accusing the Republicans of being dominated by them, Mr. Bryan eagerly accepted the aid of the Standard Oil Company and the Tobacco Trust which the Republican administration is prosecuting, thus saying, in effect, to all criminal corporations, "If the Republicans prosecute you, come over to us Democrats and we will protect you,—just as Grover Cleveland did."

It was shameful. Mr. Bryan is too old and shrewd a politician, and man of the world to have given so much confidence and power to Haskell without knowing what Haskell was: and he certainly knows of

the corporation of Dave Francis, Moses Wetmore, Roger Sullivan, Pat McCarren, and Charles Murphy.

* * * * * * * * * *

The Jeffersonian told Mr. Bryan, years and years ago, that he had his best chance for the White House in 1896.

It cost the Republicans six millions to beat him that year, and it costs them less and less each time since then.

Had Mr. Bryan kept faith with the Populists, had Sewall been put off the ticket as was promised us, had there been a united Bryan and Watson fight, with no silly invasion of New England, Bryan would have been elected.

What He Wanted to Know

It seems to us that while Mr. Bryan poured forth almost miraculous quantities of oratory during the recent campaign, its quality was not much above the plane of mediocrity. There was no flash of wit, no gem of humor, no sentences that one could single out and remember because of beauty of thought and words. Even his gift for repartee, which was the most striking thing about him eighteen years ago, made no display of itself in this campaign.

The truth is, that age is telling upon Mr. Bryan. He looks old, and *is* old, in mind as well as body. Both sword and scabbard show signs of wear-and-tear.

At one of his monster meetings a man in the crowd sang out, "What about Haskell?" Bryan's repartee was, "You have linen of your own to wash."

Rather tame, don't you think?

But take the Ohio meeting where one of the men in the audience put a fair question to Mr. Bryan and note how painfully the Peerless floundered. Here it is, as given by the Associated Press:

"How will reduction of tariff help the unemployed?" a man in the audience asked.

"Are you a Republican?" Mr. Bryan inquired, "and what is your name?"

"Never mind that. Answer the question."

"That," said Mr. Bryan, "gives you a fair sample of his idea of justice. He knows who I am, but I have no right to know who he is."

"I made 127 speeches for you all over the United States. But you answer my question."

"Well, sir, you ought to be making speeches this year. Tell me who you are."

"Answer my question."

The crowd by this time began to hiss and cried: "Goahead, Mr. Bryan!"

"Well, my friends," said the Democratic candidate, "if he is ashamed to tell you who he is he ought not to go out making speeches. When a man goes to another man's meeting and asks a question he ought to be man enough to tell who he is."

"What's that got to do with it? You cannot answer. Why does not your platform answer the unemployed proposition?"

"My friends, give me your attention," said Mr. Bryan. "He wants to know about the unemployed problem. I believe that the unemployed problem is due to the fact that there is an unfair distribution of the wealth created and when we try to remedy the evil that man helps to elect a Republican to keep this unemployed problem before the country."

The Bryan of eighteen years ago would not have been rattled by a question of that sort. Why beat about the bush, and play for time as the Peerless did? The man's name did not matter. His question was perfectly legitimate, was asked respectfully, bore directly upon one of the main issues of the campaign, and should have been answered politely, promptly, and fully. Why didn't Bryan do it?

By reading the report of the Associated Press closely, you will see that Mr. Bryan dodged the man's question, just as he dodged on the ex-Confederate soldier business, and on the question put to him by the President on the Pearre Labor bill.

"How will the reduction of the tariff help the unemployed?"

And Bryan, after shuffling, shyed.

When Mr. Taft was asked, "What is a man to do when he is out of work, has no property, and has a family on his hands," he made the illuminating reply, "God knows."

The responsibility for too many evil conditions have been rolled off on God already,—evil conditions which are the logical, inevitable effect of human mis-government. Mr. Taft was doubtless honest in his answer. He may not know how to relieve a situation wherein a laborer, willing and able to work, can find none. *Mr. Taft was never "a crown of thorns," "cross of gold" orator.*

Mr. Bryan would have found it extremely difficult to explain to his audience how a reduction of the tariff would help the unemployed.

It is possible that if the custom-house duties were reduced to such an extent as to break up the great trusts which have closed down so many plants, those plants might again start up, run on full time, and thus give employment to tens of thousands of workmen. It is quite certain that a reduction of the duty upon cotton goods would increase the consumption of those goods and thus create a greater demand for raw cotton and thus, in turn, cause the farmers to offer employment to a greater number of workmen. The unemployed, however, are chiefly men of the Cities, and those men can not be drawn into agricultural communities.

Mr. Bryan knew well enough what it is that has given us the problem of the unemployed, but he dared not go into the discussion. *It*

would have carried him into the money question, and into that question both he and Mr. Taft had tacitly agreed not to enter.

Ever since the Democratic party went over to the Republican position on the money question,—sanctioned the British gold-standard and agreed that the money question was settled,—they have put it out of their power to explain to the people what is the matter with the country.

In years gone by, no one could excell Mr. Bryan in the lucidity and the force of his explanations of how the British gold standard oppresses the great mass of our people.

There was once a William Jennings Bryan who declared that "*any political party which favored the gold-standard favored the impoverishment of the people and the establishment of a slavery more galling than that of the blacks.*" The Bryan of 1893 declared that if the Democratic party ever went over to the gold-standard, that he would go out of that party and serve his country and his God under some other name,—even if he had to go alone.

In those days, Mr. Bryan understood how the gold-standard and the National banking system established a money monopoly, and he wrathfully and truthfully denounced it as the most gigantic of all trusts. He denounced the system which he now supports as "more cruel and heartless than the political domination of a foreign power." Said he, "I would rather put our army in the hands of a foreign general and our navy in command of a foreign Admiral than to put the Treasury Department in the hands of a Secretary who would run it upon the European plan. *I would resist such a financial policy with as much earnestness as I would resist the progress of an invading army coming to attack our homes.*"

In those days, no man in this country understood more clearly that contraction of the currency means disaster to the debtor classes, means the suspension of enterprise, means the paralysis of industry, means the discharge of workmen and the poverty of millions.

In those days, Mr. Bryan knew perfectly well that an expansion of the currency is invariably followed by an advance, all along the line, of the grand army of industry, the opening up of new fields of work, the invigoration of enterprise, the employment of labor, the relief of the debtor class, the general welfare of the people.

Had not Mr. Bryan stultified himself by going over to the British, un-American, un-Democratic and un-Constitutional gold standard, he would not have been estopped from giving the man *the true reason why there are so many millions of unemployed, here and in England, nor would he have found any difficulty in telling his questioner what it is that would help the unemployed.*

Mr. Bryan knows that the world is chained to the gold-standard: he knows that that means contraction of the currency; he knows that that means a monopoly in favor of a few financiers who have cornered the supply of gold: he knows that the result of this has been precisely the same as that which has been brought about by every other contraction of the currency in the history of the world.

The veins and arteries of commerce are suffering for the lack of the circulating life-blood—money. There is congestion in the great financial centers and prostration elsewhere. Confidence is shaken to its foundations. Enterprise fears to launch out from the shore. Business has been curtailed and workmen thrown into the streets because there is no demand for the products of their labor.

If there should be an expansion of the currency,—if a thousand million dollars in Treasury notes were issued by our own government,—the result would be the breaking up of the corner which the gold-standard financiers have made on the money supply; the price of money would be lowered; it would be easier to get; more people could get it; *the halted columns of business would go forward; enterprise would make its ventures; the surplus of manufactured products would at once be absorbed by the people needing them, and the absorption of this surplus of manufactured goods would create an imperative demand for further supplies, and this demand for products of all sorts, through all sections of the Union, would at once call back to employment every man and woman who is out of work and wants a job.*

It was the money famine, created by a few greedy, rascally, law-defying bankers of Wall Street, which precipitated the panic, brought on the era of hard times, and created the army of the unemployed. Take away from those men the power which they have so disastrously abused; restore to the government the sovereign prerogative which is now exploited for private gain, return to our Constitutional system as established by our fathers—gold and silver coined upon equal terms, at a given ratio, supplemented by such a quantity of Treasury notes as Congress and the President may think the country needs—*do this, and the army of the unemployed will disappear between two suns.*

Mr. Bryan knows this as well as any one knows it. In years gone by, he could have easily answered that questioner, without stopping to fight for time by asking the name of the man, and without *finally shying off from him, leaving him unanswered.* But when he stultified himself on the money question, when he abandoned the glorious creed of his earlier manhood, when he went over to the Republicans on the British gold-standard,—he put it out of his power to give a frank, full and satisfactory answer to a question which was pertinent, legitimate and vitally important.

Soldier, Take Your Wound

If you're looking for an easy time, go with the crowd. If you want to have the smoothest way, float with the current.

Don't bother your head with the abuses that you see around you. Don't try to reform anything. A great many people are interested in

keeping things just as they are. Don't disturb the *status quo*. The situation was not made by you. It probably cannot be improved by you. Let it alone. If you attack it, those who oppose a change will declare war upon *you*.

Are your brethren, tens of thousands of them, suffering all the tortures of law-made poverty, and drifting, tens of thousands of them, into lives of vice and crime? Say no word against the laws which create these conditions. *You* did not make the laws, and probably you could not have them repealed, if you tried.

Does the cry of the little children thrill your soul as you see them caught up in the remorseless grind of modern commercialism?

Does the systematic pillage of working millions by a few thousand of the Privileged stir within you the "divine wrath"?

Say nothing: let it alone. *You* didn't do it: probably you cannot undo it.

Does the bugle call for volunteers for the Grand Army of Right? Let others spring to the stirrup and ride. They'll find the battlefield full of hard knocks, and ugly wounds: sit you here where the spiders can weave twixt you and the sun and the drowsy drone of bees can put you to sleep. Does the war-drum resound throughout the land, quickening the blood of the brave as they fall in—eager for the "Forward March"? Suppose it does!—*You* needn't go: there will be enough without *you*. Draw on the evening slippers, look at the cat on the rug, listen to the canary bird in the cage, read the base-ball news, listen to or relate the choicest bit of current scandal, yawn complacently as the clock strikes nine, and go to bed.

You're safe and sane: *you'll* stand hitched: *you* can be safely warranted not to run away—indeed a nag that "any lady can drive". You must be good for something else you wouldn't be here. You are the filler, I suppose. You belong to the monotonous millions who in this life "eat, drink, sleep, propagate and rot"; and even that must come to something because there are so many who do nothing else.

* * * * * * * * * *

But, *my comrade, you* are not so. *You are a soldier.* Born so, you cannot be anything else. At the drum tap, you go. At the bugle call, you saddle up. Where the fight is raging, you *must* be. You cannot help it. *The law of your nature rules it so.*

Wherever there is a wrong, in Church or State, you try to find its remedy. The evil may be ever so powerfully entrenched, but you will attack it, no matter what penalty comes to you.

When you enlisted, you knew how it would be. You knew that the soldier must expect his wound: must be strong enough to brave it, and to bear it. Do they misrepresent you, misunderstand you, despitefully use you, for no other reason than that you assail established wrongs?

Don't mind it. That's your wound: take it, soldier, and press on.

Do they trample your good name in the mire, hold you up to public derision, distort into something unspeakably vile your person and your

character, for no other reason than that you have attacked existing abuses which outrage common humanity?

Don't mind it. That's your wound: take it, soldier, and press on.

Do your old school-mates turn against you, your own flesh and blood reject you, the very people whom you want to help combat you bitterly?

Don't mind it,—overmuch. That is your wound, a cruel one, O! a cruel one, but don't mind it overmuch—take it, as best you may, and press on.

For, after all, there's a glory in the fight and a glory in the scars.

The Stewardship

What are you doing with the talent which God gave you?

In what way are you trying to live for your fellow man as well as for yourself? What is your conception of your responsibility as a wonderfully-made, God-sent messenger to the world?

It is easy to say that we will cut loose from the noisy crowd and retire into a privacy upon which the world shall not break. But can we do it? Can we detach ourselves from the world, its hurly burly, its stern realities? Can we harden ourselves against the prickings of Conscience, deafen our ears to the call of Duty?

You see that the world needs earnest workers,—and you are ashamed to fold your hands and sit in slippered ease at your fire-side. You hear the din which rises from the great battle-field of life; you see the lines of the righteous waver and break; you hear the trumpet which calls for *you,* and you are ashamed not to go. You cannot bear that evil shall triumph while conscience calls you "coward"! because you will not take your place in the battle-line. No; it may be madness, but wheresoever Right unfurls her flag and cries "Follow me"! you *must* drop all and march.

* * * * * * * * * *

The law of nature rules us all. The easy-going, bask-in-the-sun man is one thing, and a very useful sort of thing in some ways. He can, under favorable circumstances, fill the house with children, delight the Roosevelt soul, and wear out chair bottoms on the village side-walk while his over-worked wife earns and cooks her dinner, and the tax collector takes from thriftier citizens the money which educates his children.

But the law of your nature is different, and where it commands you dare not disobey. It says "Come"! and you come; it says "Go"! and

you go. No matter how distant the journey, it *must* be taken; no matter how hopeless the task it must be tried.

In no other way can you quiet the voice within; on no other terms can you make peace with *yourself*.

Death were better than loss of self-respect, and to keep *that* you and Duty must walk the long path hand in hand.

* * * * * * * * * *

What, truly, is the life worth living?

Is it to cultivate, expand, energize and consecrate all that is best within you; to search for Truth and Right and to lay your willing sword at their feet; to combat all shams and hypocrisies and superstitions and frauds and errors and oppressions; to love the best interests of your fellow-man and to put your whole heart in the struggle for his advancement in spite of his own cruel hatred and persecution.

* * * * * * * * * *

What though this life condemns you to unrequited labor, unappreciated effort, the ingratitude which cuts like a knife, and the misrepresentation which chills worse than the wintry wind? All this is outward, temporary, inconsequent, the mere passing of the fleeting clouds, nothing more than incidental discords on the great harp of life. Things like these wound, inflict pain, sadden the soul somewhat, but they do not change the course of the vessel nor make coward him who stands sturdily at the wheel steering through the night by the everlasting stars.

He knows, he *knows* that he has laid his course aright; and that if, when morning breaks, the harbor is not in sight the fault will not be his.

He will keep his rudder true: no more is in his power.

* * * * * * * * * *

The life which is worth living has not always led to ease, worldly success, happiness and earthly honors.

Too often the man who consecrates himself to the nobler purpose has been what the world called a failure, has been led away into captivity by pitiless foes, has died at the stake amid tortures.

But, like the Indian brave, *such* a warrior has never feared the stake nor the tortures.

Like the Indian brave, *such* a warrior despises those who torment him, and amid the flames in which he dies his death song rises to thrill the world:

"I have fought a good fight. Never once did I lower my flag. To the Right, as God gave me to see it, I was always true. Not once did I bend the knee to the Wrong, consciously.

"All my life I fought for the betterment of humanity! Here are the scars to show it. Defeat has rolled over me, but not dishonor.

"To no man or woman have I knowingly done hurt; if I have not done some good it is not because I failed to try.

"On millions of my fellow-men I found the chains of a bondage more galling than slavery: I did my utmost to show them how to be free.

"Millions I found hungry, naked, homeless: I did my best to point the way out of Poverty into Plenty.

"I found the old foes of the human race winning ground day by day: the rich man grinding the face of the poor; the tyrant using Law and Government to rob the people; the priest again spreading the cloud of ignorant Faith over the sunny fields of God-given Reason; the Church and the State once more uniting to plunder the human race and to divide the spoil.

"Against these ancient devourers of men, against these relentless foes of the freedom and development of humanity, I raised the cry of defiance, fought them with all the power that was within me, doing what man might do to arouse my fellow-man to a sense of the peril which was coming upon him.

"Yea! I have fought a good fight. Here are the wounds. No white flag flew over my citadel. It held out to the last.

"Loneliness pained but did not subdue me; persecution saddened but did not conquer me; friends deserted me and foes multiplied, but I was not utterly cast down. The sacred torch of human progress I held aloft, even as better men had done in the ages of the past.

"Its light will not fail. Others will seize upon it and bear it on. Some day the night will pass, and the human race will no longer grope in the gloom.

"In *that* my faith is strong. For *that* I have never ceased to watch and pray and work.

"And now my part is done. The shadows gather about me—but I am not afraid. The voices from the darkness call for me—and without regret I go.

"Duty grants me her honorable discharge; Conscience acquits me of her service; the boon of Peace Within settles upon me with the caress of infinite calm—and so I pass down into the turning of the darkened road, with no pang of remorse in my heart and no chill of doubt or fear on my soul."

* * * * * * * * * *

Thus one will have lived the life worth living, whether he dwells in log hut or stately mansion.

While it is yet day and he *can* work, he works, unhasting and unresting. At the loom of time he toils persistently, weaving into his life-garment threads of gold.

The creed of such a man is an inspiration; his life a call to duty. His tomb becomes an altar; his death a song of triumph. Neither rust nor time shall dim the splendor of his effort; and the influence of his thought and his example shall not be lost upon the world as long as Duty has a devotee and Truth a holy shrine.

"Broken by It I May Be: Bend to It I Never Will"

So said Abraham Lincoln, referring to the slave power of his day: so say I, referring to the slave power of mine.

Again the great martyr said:

"I am not bound to win, but am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to the light I have."

It is for sayings like these that I love and admire Abraham Lincoln,—and because he praised those who failed at Gettysburg; and because he called for "Dixie" on the night of Lee's surrender; and because he melted into tears when he recalled his boyhood sweetheart, as a wintry storm raged, crying convulsively, *"I can not bear to have the sleet and snow beat upon her grave."*

Not more literally were the blacks enslaved in the Fifties than are both races now. Infinitely less cruel, was the system against which the Abolitionist waged relentless war than the modern class-legislation which binds and plunders the great mass of people, white and black.

What shall we do about it? Ask yourself, comrade, and decide for yourself. As for me my mind is made up. I am going to fight it until I drop.

Will you help? No one man can do it all by himself, but ten thousand resolute men, working together for four years, may accomplish wonders.

Will you be one of the volunteers?

This money system which has been foisted upon the nation in violation of our Constitution—don't you understand how it is widening the breach between the classes and swelling the legions of the homeless?

The banking system which surrenders to 6,000 men the sovereign function of government, affords them the opportunity to increase or diminish the quantity of money in circulation,—don't you know that this abdication of governmental power is wrong, and don't you know that it is being used, as for the last forty years, to the immense advantage of a favored few and to the ruinous damage of the unfavored many?

Don't you *know* that our diabolical Dingley Tariff robs the laborer as well as the other millions of consumers of manufactured goods, is despoiling the farmers until they have reached a dangerous nearness to desperation, is pinching the laborer until his wage hardly supports life,—tens of thousands being out of work,—although the Govern-

mental reports reveal such stupendous profits to the manufacturers as stagger human belief or comprehension?

Don't you know that our transportation system is out of date, is hideously wrong, and gives to half a dozen railroad kings irresistible powers of taxation over 85,000,000 of people who have neither voice, vote nor influence in the councils of those who levy the freight and passenger rates?

Don't you know that such a colossal power should not be in the hands of a few private citizens, who wouldn't be human if they didn't abuse it?

Don't you know that in every civilized country—in Europe, in Asia, in Africa, and even in Mexico and South America,—the Government is taking out of the hands of private citizens this unbearable and undemocratic control of the public highways?

Yes, you *do* know it. Then, what are you going to do about it?

As a citizen upon whom rests the responsibility of doing your part in controlling the destinies of your country it is your patriotic duty to correct the wrongs of legislation and of administration.

Will you shirk this duty?

Or will you, like a man, come forward and do your part to mak conditions conform to the standards of Right?

A Prophecy which has Become a Dreadful Reality

To George McDuffie belongs the distinction of having made the strongest speech that was ever made against the Protective System. He was one of the greatest orators and statesmen of this or any other country, but threw his life away foolishly in a duel which grew out of a trivial newspaper controversy. The wound which he received did not kill him, but it injured his spine and impaired his intellect to such an extent that he was no longer the same man.

Mr. McDuffie's great speech against the Protective System is too long to be reproduced in full, but in the concluding paragraphs he predicted with such clearness of vision the reign of a soulless plutocracy that his words read like inspired prophecy:

"Sir, when I consider that, by a single bill like the present, millions of dollars may be transferred annually from one part of the community to another; when I consider the disguise of disinterested patroitism under which the basest and most profligate ambition may perpetrate such an act of injustice and political prostitution, I cannot hesitate.

for a moment, to pronounce this system *the most stupendous instrument of corruption* ever placed in the hands of public functionaries.

"IT BRINGS AMBITION AND AVARICE AND WEALTH INTO A COMBINATION WHICH IT IS FEARFUL TO CONTEMPLATE, BECAUSE IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO RESIST.

"Do we not perceive, at this very moment, the extraordinary and melancholy spectacle of less than one hundred thousand capitalists, by means of this unhallowed combination, exercising an absolute and despotic control over the opinions of eight millions of free citizens and the fortunes and destinies of ten millions?

"Sir, I will not anticipate or forbode evil. *I will not permit myself to believe that the Presidency of the United States will ever be bought and sold.* But I must say that there are certain quarters of this Union in which, if the candidate for the Presidency should come forward with this Harrisburg tariff in his hand, nothing could resist his pretensions if his adversary were opposed to this *unjust system of oppression.*"

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"Indeed, Sir, when I contemplate the extraordinary infatuation *which a combination of capitalists and politicians* have had the heart to diffuse over more than one half of this Union—when I see the very victims who are about to be offered up to satiate the voracious appetite of this devouring Moloch, paying their ardent and sincere devotions at his bloody shrine; I confess I have been tempted to doubt whether mankind was not doomed, even in its most enlightened state to be the dupe of some form of imposture, and the victim of some form of tyranny.

"Sir, in casting my eyes over the history of human idolatry, I can find nothing, even in the *darkest* ages of ignorance and superstition, which surpasses the infatuation by which *a confederate priesthood of politicians and manufacturers* have bound the great body of the people of the farming States of this Union as if by a spell, TO THIS MIGHTY SCHEME OF FRAUD AND DELUSION."

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Bear in mind that this speech was made in 1824.

Then look around you and see how prophetically Mr. McDuffie pictured the future.

The Presidency is bought and sold. The confederated priesthood of politicians and manufacturers do dominate an infatuated people which it deludes and plunders.

The Trusts are nothing in the world but the legitimate children of Privilege and Protection.

Campaign boodle-funds are nothing in the world but the sop which the Corrupt Combination of Capitalists pay to renew the lease which they hold on the Government.

And, as Mr. McDuffie said, the most astounding feature of the whole diabolical system is the completeness with which the politicians and the Privileged can dupe the victims of Protection into the belief that *Privilege* benefits the unprivileged.

With the doors of immigration standing wide open pouring into our industrial world all the cheap white labor of the universe, our Protected capitalists are still able to convince our wage-earners that American capital protects American labor from the competition of foreign "pauper" labor!

Having ground down the price of factory labor to such a low point that they can undersell foreigners in the foreign market, our Privileged and Protected Capitalists can nevertheless convince American laborers that the purpose of high tariffs is to enable the Capitalist to pay big wages.

And they swallowed it—the wage-earners swallow it, meekly, blindly, trustfully.

The record of a Century teaches them nothing.

The evidences of their own senses are ignored.

The very factory hands who at Fall River lived off the soup of the Salvation Army devoutly believed that if it hadn't been for the Protective System they wouldn't even have got the soup.

The factory girl who is paid five dollars per week, and who, when she complains that she can not live on the wage, is sardonically advised to get a gentleman friend, actually believes that were it not for Privilege and Protection she would not get the five dollars.

God in heaven! No wonder that George McDuffie expressed his doubt as to whether the masses could ever be enlightened. No wonder his prophetic speech vibrated with an undertone of despair.

Less than one-tenth of the laborers of this country own their homes; yet *they* have been Protected for a hundred years.

Less than a quarter million men own practically the entire wealth of the whole United States; yet Privilege and Protection are *not* for their benefit.

You go to the millions of the Unprivileged and Unprotected citizens and you point out to them how they are plundered by being made to pay twice as much as they should on every article which they buy.

They understand it; they admit the fact; but the corrupt politician has taught them what to say.

This is the lesson:

"Yes, we pay twice as much as the goods are worth, but it is patriotic and humane, because we thereby enable millions of American wage-earners to get big wages."

Fine, isn't it?

If the man who repeats that little lesson, and believes it, would go into the districts where Protection is and where the system has been at work longest, he will find himself in precisely the place where wages are lowest, where Capitalists are harshest, where squalor and vice are rankest, and where the maddened victims of our soulless wage-system are nursing in their hearts the passions of hell.

The Catholic Hierarchy and Politics

Reprinted by request

During the year 1906, when the French Ministry was bringing about a separation of Church and State, in order that the French Republic might occupy practically the same ground upon which our forefathers reared our own government, the temper and the strength of the Catholic Church in America was demonstrated in a manner which ought to have aroused much more attention than it did. In New York, Washington City, and other great centers of population, indignation meetings were held, in which our sister republic, France, was denounced in the most violent language for doing precisely what the founders of our government did at the beginning.

The greatest mistake of Napoleon Bonaparte was the Concordat of 1801, in which he came to an agreement with Pope Pius VII, which virtually chained France once more to Superstition, Idolatry and Priest-rule. In addition to power, the Catholic hierarchy were given annually ten million dollars from the national treasury. This money, of course, was raised by taxation. Therefore, every Frenchman, whether a believer in Christ, or not,—whether Catholic, or anti-Catholic,—was compelled to contribute towards the support of a specially favored priesthood. In the course of time this situation became intolerable. One of the disastrous consequences of the Concordat which Napoleon concluded with the Pope, was the Prussian war of 1870, which was precipitated by that bigoted dupe of her confessor, the Empress Eugenie. The politicians of the Vatican bitterly hated Prussia, first, because it was a Protestant country, and second, because it opposed the Jesuits; and, manipulating the French government through the Empress, France was precipitated into a conflict for which she was not prepared, and in which she was crushed.

It was not, however, until Clemenceau became a member of the French Cabinet, that the formal abrogation of the treaty which Napoleon had made with the Pope was attempted. After the bitterest opposition, in which the priesthood resorted to all of their various pious frauds and complicated wire-pulling, the French government succeeded in putting the Catholic church on the same footing occupied by all other churches in France. In this struggle, the Roman hierarchy was actuated by the most sordid motives. They did not want to lose that ten million dollars per year, and they did not want to lose the political power and prestige which their alliance with the government gave them. They angrily resented the idea of occupying precisely the same ground

as that occupied by all other churches. They wanted special privilege in France, and they fought stubbornly to maintain it.

The wily politicians of the Vatican made the most of the immense progress of Catholicism in America. The purpose was to throw the public opinion of the United States in the scales against the French government. Our Vice-President, Mr. Fairbanks, so far forgot the proprieties, that he attended, in Washington City, one of the meetings in which a friendly government was outrageously misrepresented and abused. Not a word of protest or disclaimer did the Vice-President utter.

During this agitation, Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, a Jesuit and an Ultramontane, was conspicuous for the violence and the untruthfulness of his public statements. He boldly declared that the French Ministry hated God and were making war upon religion. Of course, the cardinal knew that these statements were false. The cardinal very well knew that those who were bringing about the separation of Church and State in France were, as a rule, Catholics themselves, and they were simply combatting clericalism and the special privilege which had been given by law to the Catholic priesthood.

Bishop Keiley, of the diocese of Savannah, Georgia, felt it his duty to declare that if the State of Georgia should pass a law interfering with the church duties of a Catholic, "I would be the first to announce that I expected the people in my diocese to break the law. The Pope is supreme and has authority from God, and no true believer would hesitate whether to obey the law of God or man. It would not be necessary for me to make any announcement, however; for, if the United States should attempt anything like France is doing, the Catholics would rise of their own accord and remove the bigots from power. The Catholic Chuch needs no secular arm to protect it."

Here we have the same spirit of clerical pride, arrogance and assumption of identity with God, which, in the old days, when men were more superstitious, ignorant and idolatrous than now, compelled a German emperor to stand bare-footed three days in the snow, knocking in vain for permission to enter Canossa and plead his case with the Pope.

The Bishop of Savannah is as much a supreme power as the Bishop of Rome, for all historical students are well aware of the fact that the Pope is simply the head of the Church *by Clerical usurpation,* and that in fact he is the Bishop of Rome, just as Keiley is the Bishop of Savannah. One of them has as much authority from God as the other.

Those who have carefully watched the course of events, of late years, have not been slow to realize that in every great city of this Union the Catholic hierarchy controls. The political alliance between the saloon-keeper and the priest is an open secret, and it is largely responsible for the utter corruption that marks municipal politics everywhere.

Cardinal Gibbons himself has been unpleasantly conspicuous during recent years, and has been vehemently suspected of making political deals, first with one of the old parties and then with the other. It would be interesting history if we could learn by what methods Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland have been able to secure for their Church

so many millions of dollars of public money on the strength of petitions signed with the rude marks of wandering Indians. If the manner in which the Catholic Church draws money from the National Treasury to support its denominational schools among the Indians is not a violation of both the letter and the spirit of our Constitution, then there can be no case cited which would be an outrage upon that fundamental law.

In the City of Washington itself, the Catholic institutions are constantly drawing money from the public funds. In one instance, which occurred a few years ago, it was claimed, upon what appeared to be convincing evidence, that these appropriations were obtained from the Republican leaders upon the distinct promise that in thirty doubtful congressional districts the Catholics should be ordered to vote the Republican ticket. It is a coincidence, which may or may not be significant, that the Catholics *did* get those appropriations for their Washington institutions, and that the Republicans *did* carry those thirty doubtful districts.

In the spectacular quarrel and correspondence which broke out between President Roosevelt and Bellamy Storer and his wife, "dear Maria," anyone who wanted to get at the true significance of the situation could readily see that while Mr. Roosevelt was Governor of New York his relations with Archbishop Ireland had been exceedingly close, and that after Roosevelt became President he wanted to use all of his influence with the Pope to have something good done for the archbishop; but "dear Maria", forgetting Talleyrand's famous caution to his diplomatic agents, displayed *zeal.* She was imprudent; talked too much; was too active; created scandal in diplomatic circles. The natural result was that Bellamy and "dear Maria" both were given a sharp call-down, and were loudly disavowed and repudiated.

We all remember how Grover Cleveland became President. The luckless Burchard, making a perfunctory talk in the presence of Mr. Blaine, declared that the three evils from which this country had suffered most were "Rum, Romanism and Rebellion." Within twenty-four hours, every Catholic voter in New York had received his orders from the hierarchy to vote against Blaine. Cleveland was declared to have carried the State of New York, which gave him the presidency, but it is a mooted question to this day as to whether the Catholic politicians of Tammany Hall did not steal the majority for him.

As to Tammany Hall itself, which has been the dictator in National Democratic Conventions and the despot of local politics in New York City, it is nothing in the world but the Catholic hierarchy allied to the bar-room interests, thus controlling the city. Recently they have increased the city debt by the enormous sum of $356,000,000. This great metropolis of America is but a huge carcass, upon which Tammany and the Catholic hierarchy feed, and in which such exploiters of franchise privileges as Thomas F. Ryan grow enormously wealthy at the expense of the common people.

Only a few weeks ago, Anthony Comstock, acting at the instigation of the Catholic priests, arrested a vender of newspapers, upon the ground that the papers which he was selling were abusive of the Pope. If our

press were not itself in deadly fear of the stealthy influence of the Catholic hierarchy, this act, which violates the freedom of the press, would have been denounced in thunder tones from one end of the country to the other. As it is, not a whisper has been heard. Denounce the President as much as you like; distort his countenance and character by caricature and cartoon; lie about him to any extent that you please; abuse Protestant preachers and Protestant bishops to the extent that your malice suggests. Nobody will interfere—the freedom of the press protects you; but it would seem that in New York there is to be one great and glorious exception. The Pope is to be immaculate, as well as infallible, and whoever dares to print and circulate anything against him, or his system, is to be treated as a criminal.

I think I state the exact truth when I say that I am free from religious bigotry. I have no prejudice whatever against any citizen because of his religious faith. I have the utmost respect for the individual Catholic who honestly believes in his creed; but the difference between one church organization and another may be a matter of extreme political importance, and I cannot understand how any student, conversant with political history, can be indifferent to the peculiar hierarchy of the Catholic Church. No other church organization claims to exercise the right to say what books its members shall read. No other church openly takes part in political affairs. No other church sends and receives ambassadors. No other church holds a court, at which royal ceremonial is observed, embassies from foreign governments received, and far-reaching questions of international policy debated and decided. There is not a government of the civilized world, at whose capital the Catholic Church is not represented by a resident agent. No question of national policy, which may directly or indirectly affect the Catholic Church, is decided upon until the Pope has been consulted. Throughout the civilized world run the threads of Papal diplomacy, and the most prominent feature of recent political progress has been the wonderful success of Catholic statesmanship.

In Spain the progressive elements have striven in vain to shake off the yoke of Rome. In Portugal mediaevalism is still an anomaly and an abomination. In Austria Catholicism is as supreme as it was in the days when the Jesuits and the Inquisition met and turned back the reformation of Huss, Wyclif, Calvin and Luther. In France, it is true, clericalism has been unhorsed. In Italy, where the Pope is seen at close range, and where the workings of the hierarchy are known intimately, the people have shown a determined inclination to revolt against Vatican tyranny. Recently the Catholics of the city of Rome itself elected to the mayorality a man who is at once a declared enemy of the Catholic Church, a Mason who occupies a high office in the order, and who is, besides, a Jew. In fact, the double lives led by the Roman Conclave, and the deep duplicity and selfishness which mark the policies of the Vatican, are so well known in Italy, and so thoroughly detested, that the secular arm of the State has been necessary to the protection of the lives of the priests.

On the other hand, the German emperor, like his remote predecessor, has been made to go to Canossa. The laws which expelled the Jesuits have been repealed. The growth of democracy in the empire has been so phenomenal that the shrewd politicians of the Catholic Church took advantage of the helplessness of the government, forced an alliance upon it, and thus got for themselves what they wanted, while giving to the government the majorities needful to the passage of governmental measures.

In Protestant England the Catholic Church is now the power behind the throne. The most influential members of the aristocracy are devoted Catholics. The trend of conversion among the very rich English lords is distinctly towards the Catholic Church. When Thomas F. Bayard, ambassador from the United States to the Court of St. James, gave his first grand banquet to the nobility of Great Britain, not a single Protestant divine was invited. Catholic cardinals were there, upon equal footing with the Prince of Wales, but no man of God tainted with the touch of the Reformation was present.

That the secret influence of the Roman hierarchy controls Congress is shown by facts which cannot be disputed, and which cannot otherwise be explained. Why was it that the school teachers in New Mexico could not be instructed to teach the English language in the public schools? Why was it that the continued and exclusive use of the Spanish language was sanctioned by law in this American territory? The English language was objectionable to the Catholic hierarchy, because it would carry with it the knowledge of the English Bible; and the Catholic Church did not want any Protestant Bibles in New Mexico. By teaching Spanish in New Mexico, the Catholic Church preserves its monopoly, and our cowardly politicians voted as the priests demanded that they should.

McKinley's Cabinet was partly Catholic, and the influence which the Pope exerted upon that administration was shown by the way in which the War Department hastened to grant to the Catholics a portion of the national domain at West Point. They asked for some of the Government land to build a church on, and they got it. Other denominations outnumbered the Catholics at West Point, but these other denominations have not been able to get any of the national property.

Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet is partly Catholic. Attorney General Bonaparte was probably the selection of Cardinal Gibbons for that high position, and it is probable that the secret of why the Department of Justice does not bring Edward H. Harriman and Thomas F. Ryan to the bar, and punish them for crimes which they have notoriously committed, is that these two gigantic criminals are both liberal friends of the Catholic hierarchy. Ryan gave a million dollars for the building of the Catholic cathedral in Richmond, Va., and Harriman's gifts to the Church are on a scale of the same calculating generosity.

Wherever the Catholic Church controls, it persecutes. No Protestant can safely preach or sell Bibles in Spain, or in Portugal, or in South America. This could not be done in Mexico until the revolt of the Liberals against the Clericals. It was not until Mexico threw off priest-

rule that she began to make those magnificent strides upward and onward, which have excited the admiration of the world.

As an evidence of the intolerance of the Catholic Church when it has full sway, remember that it was made a felony in Italy to read or to vend the works of Charles Dickens. He had visited Italy; had been shocked at the poverty of the people, the tyranny of the priests, the idolatry and superstition which prostituted the name of religion; and he wrote a description of conditions as he saw them, just as he wrote about the United States, and about his own country.

In the Philippine Islands, shortly before their occupation by the Americans, torture was applied to captives and to heretics, in the same manner that it was applied by the Inquisition to heretics in the Middle Ages. Only a few years ago, the Literary Digest, of New York, copied an article from a leading paper in South America, in which the Inquisition was eulogized in the highest terms, and the rack, the wheel and the stake were hysterically praised.

In Canada, a few years ago, a Catholic newspaper of liberal tendencies ventured to act independently of the hierarchy, and to oppose the Church on some questions of policy concerning the schools. The hierarchy was so powerful that it actually compelled the postal authorities to exclude the offending newspaper from the mails. The Canadian Government did not dare to punish these insolent priests, who had violated Canadian laws and destroyed legitimate mail.

Quite recently, the present Pope, or Bishop of Rome, has declared war upon what he calls "Modernism." He is alarmed at the growth of independent thought. His purpose is that which has ever actuated the head of a hierarchy. He wishes to discourage research, to check inquiry, and to fasten again the rebellious minds of men to the old, old orthodoxy, which was never so happy as when the world took in a literal sense the clerical admonition that men should become as children. Papal endorsement has been given unreservedly to the dogma that the Protestant religion is *not better than no religion at all.* The papal position is that Protestantism must be uprooted and cast out as a damnable heresy. And, in plain terms, he says that Catholicism must carry out its mission *"even to the shedding of blood."*

Thus the spirit of Torquemada and of Alva is abroad again!

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Where a church claims and exercises the right to exert political influence, it behooves good citizens to study the history of that church and the tendency of its teachings.

To judge a tree by its fruits is a fair rule. Now that the Catholic Church is likely to take such a controlling part in our national affairs, it is well that we should ask ourselves a few questions.

When and where has the Roman Catholic Church done anything for the masses of the people—for the sacred cause of freedom of labor, freedom of vote, freedom of speech, freedom of thought, or freedom of conscience?

When has it ever failed to side with enthroned tyranny as against Reform,—from the days of Philip II, when it burnt one hundred thousand men who dared to think for themselves, down to the day in 1896, when the Pope's blessing was breathed upon the Spanish flag, and his prayers went with the troops who were to burn Cuban houses and fields, torture and slay Cuban patriots, insult and outrage Cuban maids and matrons, and make a smoking hell of a country whose people demanded no more than the Catholics of Ireland demanded of Protestant England, and upon far better grounds?

To the very last, the Catholic Church stood by the institution of slavery, and was the last to give up her slaves. To the very last, the Catholic Church opposed freedom of conscience and of worship. To the very last, it opposed the separation of Church and State. To the very last, it opposed the general education of the masses, and is today the mortal enemy of the public schools. To the very last, it opposed self-government by the people, and is to-day the staunch defender of the "Divine Right of Kings."

A very particular reason why the people of this country should be concerned about the startling growth of Catholic power is that the Catholic Church boasts that it never changes. The good Catholic claims to-day that the Pope is infallible, and that all the Popes have been true and worthy vice-gerents of Christ.

He claims that the Protestant is a heretic, and he believes that it would be a mercy to bind him upon a jagged iron wheel and beat said heresy out of him with a club.

He believes that his priest can pardon sin and that money liberally spent in buying prayers can lift the sinner out of hell.

He believes that the wine of the Sacrament is the actual blood of Christ, and the bread the actual body.

We are all prone to believe that which is constantly said and never denied. The profound policy of the Catholic Church is to cut off its converts from the world and keep them from hearing, reading or thinking anything which might encourage doubt.

The Catholic Church wants its converts to have Faith—blind, unreasoning faith in the priest, faith in the Church, and faith in the Catholic statement of every case.

To reach this result, the Pope dictates what books shall be read, what newspapers shall be patronized, and what pictures shall be used.

Pope Leo XIII revised the list of "Forbidden Books." He declared that the new rules on the subject of "Forbidden Books" *were so mildly formulated that it would be easy for good Catholics to obey the new rules.*

What are these new rules which a Good Catholic must observe in choosing his reading matter?

1. "All those writings which were prohibited previous to the year 1600, except where special decrees have since made exceptions, are prohibited now."

What books were prohibited previous to the year 1600, and which of those books have been acquitted of blame during the 308 years since 1600?

2. "All books written by apostates, heretics, schismatics, are forbidden."

Away goes your Milton and your Shakespeare, your Burns and your Byron, your Cowper and your Wordsworth, your Tennyson and your Browning! They were all heretics.

Hume must not be read, nor Gibbon, nor Hallam, nor Froude, nor Carlisle. They were all heretics.

A good Catholic must not drink the pure delight of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," nor must he ever hang enraptured over the "Grecian Urn" of Keats, nor must his eye ever grow dim as he reads Byron's verses to his sister. He must never walk the rich fields of Charles Reade and Charles Dickens—never laugh with Thackeray, nor sigh with Hood; never soar with Shelley, dream with Coleridge, nor view the gems of Walter Savage Landor.

All the golden fruit of genius, choicest apples of literature's Gardens of Hesperides, is fruit forbidden to a good Catholic,—for when God lit the lamp of genius in the minds of these wonderfully gifted heretics and touched their souls into celestial music, He forgot that the Pope would measure all the mental universe with the contemptible little tape-line of denominational intolerance.

To a good Catholic, all the eloquence, wit, wisdom and patriotism of American history is a lost land, for the deadly brand of heresy lies upon the whole of it. Excepting Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, and a baker's dozen besides, the whole outfit, from Washington, the Episcopalian, to Jefferson and Thomas Paine, the Deists, *were rank heretics,* deserving to be burnt.

What sort of intelligence would a good Catholic have, if he should obey the rules which the Pope says are so mildly framed?

What sort of knowledge does any man have, when he is forbidden to read on both sides of the case?

What better scheme could be devised for putting power into the hands of the priests?

How could a good Catholic ever be anything, mentally, but a child, if he is denied the privilege of reading, thinking, comparing and judging?

But the rules, which Pope Leo XIII so mildly framed, do not stop here. They forbid the good Catholic to read any book on religion, except those written by Catholics. They forbid good Catholics to read any edition of the Bible, except the Catholic edition. Books which criticize the Pope, cardinals, priests, church doctrines and usages, are forbidden. The Pope does not wish that his people shall be told a great many things which they ought to know. He wants them to know nothing beyond what the priests see fit to tell them.

No good Catholic must read *any* book, or other publication, which

treats of religious subjects, without submitting said book or publication, to the judgment of the priests.

Such rules as these sound strangely out of place in this age of progress and of *research*.

If a creed is sound, why should it fear investigation?

Conscious error could not possibly show more guilty timidity in screening itself from honest inquiry than the Catholic Church displays in these rules which command good Catholics to read no books excepting those which have been inspected, tagged and branded by the Pope.

Of all the slavery in this world, the most degrading is mental and spiritual slavery; and we look upon the huge growth of the Catholic Church in political power as an ominous fact, because the natural tendency of its creed is to make the people superstitious, intolerant and priest-ridden.

But while our politicians continue to be cowards, and our Protestant ministers continued to be silent, Catholic diplomacy will march onward triumphantly, until the day will come when Protestantism will have to fight for dear life in a land which its blind devotees believe is dedicated forever to free *speech*, free *thought* and free *worship*.

THE JESUIT'S OATH.

"I, A. B., now in the presence of Almighty God, the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Blessed Michael the Archangel, the Blessed St. John the Baptist, the Holy Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul and the saints and Sacred Host of Heaven, and to you, my Ghostly father, I do declare from my heart, without mental reservation, that the Pope is Christ's Vicar General and is the true and only Head of the Universal Church throughout the earth, and that by virtue of the Keys of binding and loosing given to His Holiness by Jesus Christ, He hath power to depose Heretical Kings, Princes, States, Commonwealths and Governments, all being illegal without his sacred confirmation, and that they may safely be destroyed. Therefore, to the utmost of my power, I will defend this doctrine and His Holiness's rights and customs against all Usurpers of the Heretical or Protestant Authority whatsoever, especially against the now pretended Authority and Church in England and all Adherents in regard that they be Usurped and Heretical, opposing the Sacred Mother Church of Rome.

"I do renounce and disown any Allegiance as due to any heretical King, Prince or State, named Protestant, or obedience to any of their inferior Magistrates or officers.

"I do further declare the doctrine of the Church of England, of the Calvinists, Huguenots and other Protestants, to be damnable, and those to be damned who will not forsake the same. I do further declare that I will help, assist and advise all or any of His Holiness's agents, in any place wherever I shall be; and to do my utmost to extirpate the heretical Protestant doctrine, and to destroy all their pretended power, regal or otherwise. I do further promise and declare, that notwithstanding I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical for the propagation of the Mother Church's interest, to keep secret and private all her agents'

counsels as they entrust me, and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing or circumstance whatsoever, but to execute all which shall be protected, given in charge or discovered unto me, by you, my Ghostly Father, or by any one of this convent.

"All of which I, A. B., do swear by the Blessed Trinity, and Blessed Sacrament which I am about to receive, to perform, on my part to keep inviolably; and do call on all the Heavenly and Glorious Host of Heaven to witness my real intentions to keep this, my oath. In testimony whereof, I take this most Holy and Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist and witness the same further with my hand and seal, in the face of the holy convent."

THE HOME ROAD

Some tingling night of frost and stars
I'll take the bare path through the bars,
While briar and ground-vine at my feet
Shrill to the night-wind shrewd and sweet.

I'll slip the leash of care and rote
With the old road-song in my throat,
While youth's white joy austere and fine
Brims all my kindling veins like wine.

The home-returning wings that fare
Along the secret trails of air
Follow the call with sense less sure
Than I the heart's insistent lure.

For well I know the miles slip down
To a forgotten country town,
Where leafless apple branches sweep
Round a great door-way, warm and deep.

And in the heart of one dear room,
Deep-sunk in ruddy-litten gloom,
Memory and dream and ardent prayer
Shall rise to greet the wanderer there.

HENRY FLETCHER HARRIS.

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

By Tom Dolan

AT the close of one of the least stirring campaigns in American history, the election of the phlegmatic Mr. William Howard Taft to the Presidency occasioned neither surprise nor any other emotion in particular. Ordinarily, the Wednesday following the momentous quadrennial Tuesday finds both victors and vanquished with feeble pulses and a certain prostration of public interest following prolonged over-strain, which voices itself in a sigh of relief that, no matter what be the result, "it's over." Such, however, was not the case this time. So soon as intelligent analysis of the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties had been made, it was perceived that there would be no vital issues. Hackneyed attempts were made, indeed, to create some interest in the rejuvenation of "Tariff reform," but these fell flat upon voters grown weary of the crude and undeceptive legerdemain sought to be practiced by the party leaders. The election of Mr. Bryan would not have conferred upon him the power to effect any beneficial reductions, even had he honestly desired to do so; while Mr. Taft simply hedged by resorting to the dignified expression in favor of revision, which means nothing more than that the schedules may be tinkered with somewhat, but that no material lightening of the oppressive burdens may be anticipated. The return of Uncle Joe Cannon with his gag; and the influence of such tireless corporation servants as Payne and Dalzell, will practically insure that any radical or liberal ideas Mr. Taft may hold, will be curbed sufficiently to give the Trusts ample grounds for "confidence." So "Tariff reform" could not be galvanized into any semblance of vigorous life. Mr. Bryan's pet scheme for guaranteeing bank deposits aroused no enthusiasm, for its inherent weakness was too obvious. The same criticism applies to his other childish ideas as to the regulation of gigantic monopolies.

The publication of campaign contributions and the disbursement of the funds could not be magnified into an issue, since both politicians and public are thoroughly conversant with the means employed to prevent telling the whole truth, no matter how true the parts published may be. Both campaign managers sedulously solicited alms of the indigent. The coffers, they maintained, were like unto the cupboard of Mother Hubbard, yet they could not accept coin on which rested the slightest taint. They cried to the "bone and sinew" of the country for its hard earned dollar; the widow's mite and the orphan's crust —these only were fit to be applied to so sacred and patriotic a purpose. All of which unctious rot hoodwinked nobody and must vastly have amused

the "interests" who evidently viewed both candidates and their policies as examples of political impotence—with Mr. Taft rather more good-naturedly acquiescent in that opinion than Mr. Bryan.

Right here, too, failed the manful efforts of the press to arouse enthusiasm by crying "men, not issues." Of Mr. Bryan, most of his former following had grown tired; and of Mr. Taft, little was known by the rank and file and that little bore the unmistakable stamp of an amiable mediocrity.

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It is fitting that another Republican administration should shoulder the responsibility of restoring prosperity so completely and recently wrecked by the present one. Can the need of profound and enlightened statesmanship be met by the essentially superficial policies of Mr. Roosevelt and his imitators? If not, then the failure will be so complete, and the cause of such failure so plain, that the object lesson will be almost worth the price.

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Thus we may be rid of the jugglery with words which claims for Hamiltonian doctrines the credit of constructive measures. To tear down flimsy and dangerous buildings and to boldly excavate may sometimes look like destruction—but the purpose is to provide a secure foundation. This the

TIME TO GO!

"GO TO PAPA!"

New York *World*.

radicals are trying to accomplish. To add brick after brick to a top-heavy building, is what the conservatives are doing. When their house tumbles, let its weight fall upon those who builded in arrogance and unwisdom.

* * *

It is a piece of silly complacence to say that Mr. Taft will be "President of the whole people." What our country cries out for today is not, after all, an approachable executive, a sociably inclined individual, or an industrious public servant. It is the man whose wisdom and unerring insight carries him far beyond the immediate present—the man who thinks for the generations that will come after us, even though he were a recluse, even though a storm of unpopularity might beat about his head.

* * *

Such a man would never win the Presidency, however, save by some sudden tidal-wave of public feeling, or through some accident. The "practical politicians" of the Roosevelt-Taft-Bryan type, will invariably try to appear as "Presidents of the whole people." The phrase smacks of a satisfactory democracy and indicates that "the whole people" may clasp the Presidential paw in sticky embrace. But the painful fact remains that in America the power-to-do-things is rarely conferred upon the one of loftier ability. We warm to the man who does not make us uncomfortable by greatly transcending the ordinary.

* * * * *

Such a man is Governor Hughes, just re-elected in New York. Strong, perhaps, stubborn certainly, but thoroughly understandable. His Democratic opponent, Mr. Chanler, did not show up to good advantage on his

"personal liberty" plea. For once New York turned a deaf ear to the specious argument for rampant license, under the guise of freedom. It is learning that State control of some things is as wholesome as self-control to the individual, and that "personal liberty" of the sort desired by Tammany Hall extends only to the malefactor. So the plain people went pretty solidly for Hughes, who is squarely behind the law against race-track gambling, and a regenerated system of banking laws in his State. How greatly such laws were needed is abundantly shown in the Morse trial, where the evidence conclusively proved that Mr. Morse and his confederates of both high and low degree obtained control of half-a-dozen or more New York banks, speculated with their deposits, and accelerated the panic of 1907. Mr. Morse will soon take up his residence, by the way, in the Federal Prison at Atlanta and, if interviewed, would

THE PISTOL TOTER

Birmingham *Age-Herald.*

doubtless vociferously indorse the "personal liberty" platform which would allow enterprise such as his to proceed unmolested.

* * * *

The return of Sir Wilfred Laurier as Governor-General of Canada settles that country's internal policies for the next five years in favor of the views of the Liberal party. Much of the strength of that party is derived from the farming population, who remain justly opposed to the trend toward tariff for protection, and doubtless had this been the only issue Mr. Laurier's majority would not have been so greatly reduced as it was. But the building of the Transcontinental Railway has served to divide the two parties along the lines to be expected —the Conservatives occupying the position of carps, complaining bitterly of graft and general maladministration. Be that as it may, however, it would have been unfortunate had the completion of the railway been hindered by the advent of a new administration. Within two years it will have been finished, making easy the shipment of grain from the great wheat fields of the West to the Canadian ports on the East and promoting immeasurably the business of the country. Whether the expense of the road "will retard the cause of government ownership one hundred years" or not, remains to be seen and, from an outside standpoint, the part of commonsense would suggest that the road be finished and its operation watched before sweeping conclusions be drawn. This is apparently just what the Canadians decided to do.

* * * *

It must be admitted; therefore, that the issues throughout the Occident remain distinctly drab. Although Canada is tensely warned by imperialists against the influx of "hordes of Americans" and urged to discriminate in favor of immigration of the truly-elect from the Mother-country; and admonished, that unless she takes her place as a limb of Empire instead of pursuing her present independent and business-like way, she is apparently quite undisturbed by such ravings. The changeful republics of the South are likewise turning their attention more to industrial and commercial development than to revolutions incited by political aspirations. The heart of Hunduras will soon be split by a railroad 300 miles long, while Peru and Bolivia in the far South are alive to the importance of transportation problems and entering upon what promise now to be peaceful and able administrations. The Cuban Presidential election on November 14th will probably afford about the only instance of real pytrotechnics and "Cuba libre" be played up for all it is worth by the Liberals, under the leadership of Jose M. Gomez. Whether he, or his opponent, General Mario Menocal, be elected, the American occupation will end with the inauguration and upon the success of the administration will depend the fate of the little Island.

Neither party in Cuba would risk openly advocating annexation to the United States, yet there are many in both who secretly feel that it is a thing ultimately to be consummated. Difficulties and dissentions are so inevitable, the United States so ready to respond with alacrity to an appeal, real or pseudo, for aid to pacification of the turbulent elements, that the independent existence of Cuba is a matter of grave uncertainty. American citizens who have flocked to Cuba to exploit the resources of the country will not lend their talents to the upbuilding of the Cuban government,

JOHN D. WILL BE HIS OWN STENOGRAPHER NOW

New York *Journal.*

but are selfishly impatient for annexation to bring them directly under the Stars and Stripes again; while the ungenerous attitude of our government in reference to the sugar duty painfully, if not purposely, prostrated the chief industry of the island during the very years in which material prosperity would most have established tranquility and made for permanent peace, under its own regime.

NO MIXED SCHOOLS IN KENTUCKY

One of the most important decisions handed down by the Supreme Court in a long period is that disposing of the Berea College case in Kentucky, wherein Justice Brewer, writing the opinion of the Court, holds that the State law prohibiting white and black children from attending the same school is constitutional. Berea College had been endowed as an Institution for the co-education of the races before the State law prohibiting such co-education was passed.

This decision bears directly upon one of the most vital features of our civilization. It places,—if indeed it could have withheld,—the right to di-

rect the education of its children with the authorities of the state. Under this ruling, the Californians may fearlessly proceed to settle the status of their own public schools with reference to the Oriental population with which they are compelled to deal, even as the Southern States must cope with every phase of their own race problem.

The disposition to pat the Supreme Court on the back is almost irresistible. It is so seldom that this body of mummified patriarchs take other than an academic view of any situation that a wholesome, robust conclusion, such as the Berea College decision, is more than refreshing, it is positively an elixir. Pity but that the decision could not have been unanimous; but Chief Justice Harlan gave a dissenting voice.

A CORNER IN POISON

Col. L. Smith, Daniel Brady and other capitalists of New York and Pittsburg are mentioned in connection with the rumor that a concession has been secured in the Isthmus of Panama for an immense brewery there, which will have the exclusive right of manufacture. It is also said that the names of several Congressmen have been associated with the scheme, though they are zealously avoiding publicity in the matter.

If this thing be true, it is shameful. That a brewery should be permitted on the Isthmus to work up a sale of beer that is already greater, in proportion to population, than that of any other place, is bad enough; but to give it an exclusive right, thus enabling it to flood the none-too-healthful region with whatever form of poison it chooses, unchecked by any competition, is nothing short of a crime. The men who toil in that debilitating strip of the Tropic know weariness and thirst; the work is in its very nature depressing, because the time of its completion is so far off and slow progress has a bad psychological effect upon any laborer. It is therefore perfectly natural that they should take whatever cheer is furnished them by food or drink, and it should be as much the duty of the government to guard their moral and physical health carefully as though they were enlisted under the Flag. For, after all, are they not soldiers of an industrial army, engaged in a work whose value can scarcely be estimated and fulfilling a far more patriotic purpose than if engaged in some unnecessary and senseless combat?

"COME OVER AND HELP US"

Now that the severance of numerous former ties, tender and otherwise, between the countries constituting the Balkan States has transpired, and another European conference is to be held to settle anew the status of affairs, it is to be hoped that they will at last use some effective means to prevent the repetition of what has for years been a constantly recurring, piteous cry—"the call from Macedonia." It has always been impossible, at this distance, to know just why the small section of the Ottoman Empire known as Macedonia should be the scene of perpetual brutalities, save only that its mixed peoples and feeble sovereign brought about a condition wherein unchecked race hatred and the spoliation of the weak by the strong were inevitable, considering the barbarous instincts of the people concerned.

The talk of war has for the present blown over. The stronger powers will take the situation in hand, and, while they have seized the present opportunity for interference in other directions, it should be impressed upon them that a high and sacred

"THERE IS NO DEMOCRATIC PARTY; BRYAN KILLED IT"
—David B Hill.

responsibility is theirs to exert the utmost pressure against any further massacres in Macedonia, butcheries in Armenia, or general diabolism of the unspeakable Turk, who, owing either to the contrivance or negligence of the Sublime Porte has usually been the fiend whose atrocities have sickened the civilized world.

S. C DISPENSARY CASE

The Federal courts are steadily pushing ahead, extending the frontiers of their jurisdiction and usurping powers which the founders of the Government never dreamed of granting.

The latest instance is the decision handed down by the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, sitting at Richmond, Va., upholding Judge Pritchard's ruling against South Carolina in the Dispensary case.

Whether the Palmetto State acted

wisely in creating the Dispensary Commission and making a liquor-dealer out of a sovereign state, is not the question. The State of South Carolina *did* go into the dispensary business, and the Commission was as much a part of the machinery of her government as were the other departments of her public service.

Now, it is a principle which is as old as the hills that the sovereign shall not be sued by the subject, save by his own consent.

That this principle should apply to the states, as well as to the Federal government, was the meaning of the people when they adopted the Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution.

This amendment became necessary because Chief Justice Marshall, had held that a private citizen (one Chisholm), could sue the State of Georgia in a Federal Court.

After the judiciary had been rebuked by the adoption of the eleventh amendment, no further effort was made by Federal judges to entertain suits of private citizens against a State—*until after the Civil War.*

In the general advance of the corporations against the people—in which advance the Federal judiciary has played so conspicuous a part—the discovery was made that, while a State cannot be sued, everybody who represent the State, from the Governor down, can be dragged into court whenever a private citizen or corporation of some other State so desires.

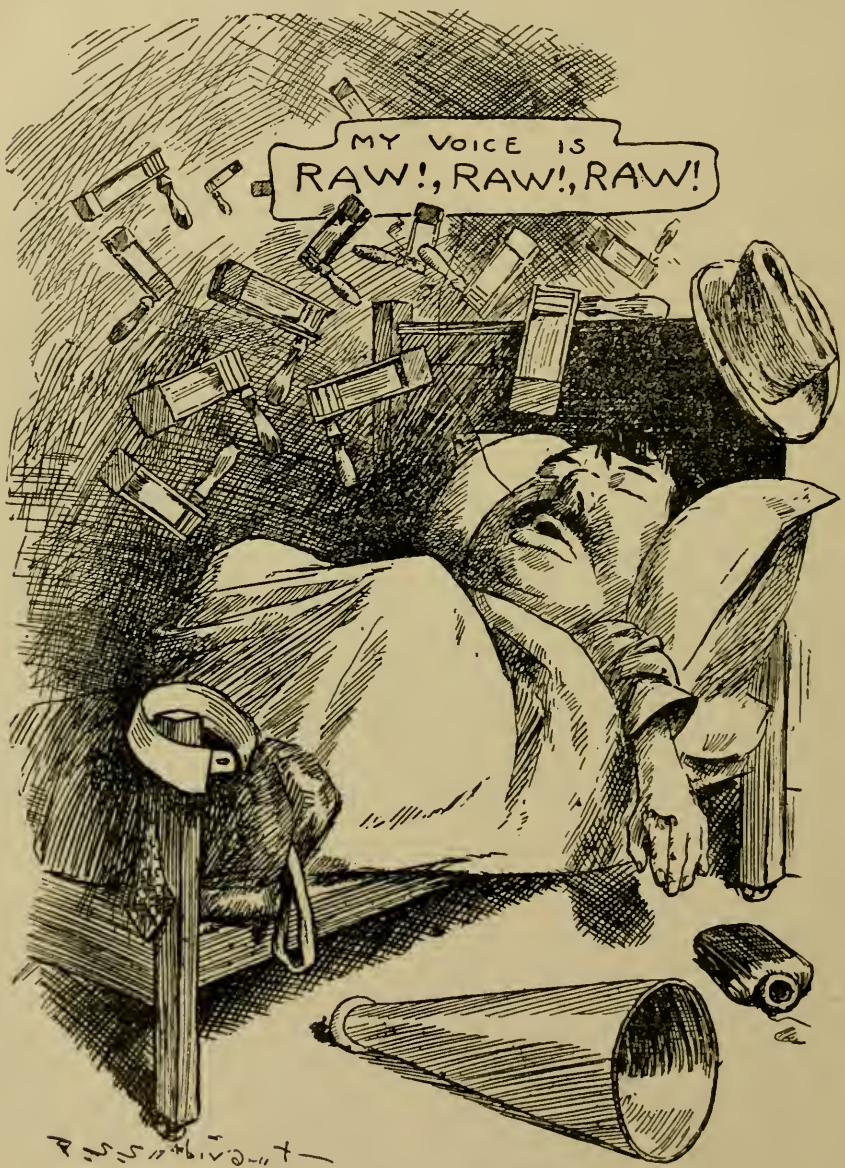
Inasmuch as it is a self-evident fact that a State can only exercise her sovereignty through her officials it should be equally apparent that when these officials are sued, in their official capacity, the State is sued.

ANOTHER OLD AGE PENSION BILL

The "National Provident Bill" which is shortly to be brought before the Legislature of New Zealand, ought to attract universal attention on account of its profound significance. While it is rather loosely spoken of as an old age pension plan, it widely differs from the poorly contrived and highly inequitable scheme recently inaugurated in Great Britain, and is decidedly in advance of similar attempts by other countries to provide for the citizen after he has passed the period of life in which he is capable of sustaining himself by his own labor. The bill provides that the Government shall subsidize and guarantee a fund, to which any person between the age if sixteen and forty-five, whose yearly income does not exceed $1,000, may contribute a sum each week, the amount of the contribution to be based upon the age and the extent of future pension desired. While every clause of the bill is not as yet made public, it will be seen at a glance that it is in fact a system of insurance akin to the 20-payment plans and others already in operation with all the insurance companies, the striking differences being that the credit of the government itself will be behind the plan and its freedom and cheapness to the individual contributor.

Not many years ago a great life insurance trust was presaged,—and a merger of the "old-line" companies a threat of the near future. Then come the crash in the Equitable, the Armstrong investigations, the public indignation over the revelations of general corruption; the resulting distrust of an insurance which gave no assurance, and certain corporations with "the strength of Plymouth Rock," etc. went 'way back and sat down to ruminate quietly until the storm passed, the skittish "prospects" became lulled and the "insured" ceased to be agitated over the fate of his policy and the situation in general.

The importance of the New Zealand bill is apparent. If the government finds it desirable to furnish to its worthy and provident toilers a system of insurance in which the boasted advertisement feature "you don't have to die to win," is the present consideration, how long will it be before every other kind of life insurance will be considered a legitimate, if not a necessary extension? Certain it is that the insurer, under present conditions, has every advantage and that aggregate premiums which should have been used as trust funds, have been grossly mishandled. No policy



THE MORNING AFTER

holder today can possibly foresee what the insurance corporations will evolve into within fifteen or twenty years and the possibility of the government itself taking over the business of affording to its people the desired protection of life insurance would be the strongest means of keeping the private corporations in check.

REVOLT OF STUDENTS

A student strike is in progress throughout Russia, in protest against the repressive measures recently promulgated by the minister of education. Among other irritating pieces of tyranny, women were barred from the universities, though heretofore they had been admitted to them on the same terms as men. This was not due to prejudice against the sex, but a mere recognition of them as equal lovers of liberty and as it was impossible to bar all students the minister hit upon this means as cutting down the total number of the student body. Doubtless if he could close all schools entirely he would gladly do so, as education in any form is abhorrent to the government.

COST OF IMPERIALISM

The Government of Germany is paying annually forty million dollars interest on the Imperial debt of one billion, one hundred and twenty-five million dollars and this indebtedness is steadily on the increase. How to soothe the German people into acceptance of any greater burden of taxation than they already bear is a matter perplexing the Kaiser and his advisers. Specialists, employees of the Ministries, and University professors have been induced to write articles purporting to show the comparative mildness of German taxation over that of other countries, in an effort to prepare the public mind for submission to increased taxes on inheritances, tobacco, every form of alcoholic beverage, stamps, gas, petroleum and electricity. Deplorable as is the tax-cursed condition of Germany, there is yet a modicum of hope to be found in the honesty which proposes direct taxation, which must meet the approval of the Reichstag. Protectionists are not wanting in the Fatherland but so far the German people have sturdily refused to be misled by such measures. They realize that direct taxation, no matter how galling, is at least a known evil, and to commit themselves to a protective tariff would be a plunge into the unknown. They clearly observe that the cost of living in free-trade England is materially less than in countries where revenue is raised by the round-about method of tariff duties. They look at the United States and see that the cost of living has steadily advanced, that thousands of men are out of work, and that wages have kept no reasonable pace with the demands upon the laborer. Therefore Germany will be interested in curbing the imperial policy and checking every form of extravagance rather than in attempting the futile effort to get money out of other countries by building a tariff wall.

* * * *

However, Germany is just now far more wrought up over the remarkable interview granted by the Kaiser, in which he proclaims and essays to prove by documents which will be scanned by impartial posterity, his ultra-friendliness for England. *He* it was who wrote sympathetic letters to his revered grandmother, Queen Victoria, in England's Black Week during the Boer war; *he* it was who prevented envoys from South Africa, making plea for aid in Berlin, where they

From Philadelphia *Inquirer*.

would have been enthusiastically received; and *he* it was who outline i the military tactics that Lord Robert's afterwards pursued to a large extent, and whipped the fight for England. "Impartial posterity" would better have been left to judge. The present generation in England is outraged at the disclosures which, if true, would put them under immeasurable obligation; the German people are incensed with the proverbial fury of the patient whose long-suffering is at least overborne· while the remaining European nations are startled, amazed and indignant at such open expressions of preference and hopes of future alliance as William has emitted.

German Radicals, like Dr. Theodore Barth, are delighted at the Kaiser's outbreak and believe it will result in a Constitutional checkrein being put upon such outpourings in future. Prince Von Buelow has sought to resign the Chancellorship, alleging himself to blame for permitting the interview to become public, but this is looked upon as an unselfish effort on his part to shield the Emperor from the result of his own indiscretion, and in nowise lessens the bitter feeling engendered.

CLEVELAND TRACTION CASE

In the October number of this magazine, a history was given of the fight being made on municipal ownership of the street railways, of Cleveland, Ohio. The special election called for October 22nd, referring the question again to the people, resulted in an unfortunate setback to Mayor Tom L. Johnson and those who have so long contended for the three-cent fare. The very small margin of victory gained by the opposition, however, to say nothing of the determination and perseverance of the Mayor, leaves no room to doubt but that progressive principles as against corporate domination and extortion will ultimately prevail, despite all the pressure that has and will continue to be brought against them.

DEATH OF EX-SENATOR CARMACK

Surely Fate never exhibited a more cruel caprice than that which allowed a life unblemished by wrong, untarnished by shame, to end, like that of a dog, in a street gutter. Even a murderer may have his shrift—his word of prayer and farewell—but this was denied by his assassins to Tennessee's most brilliant son, "Ned" Carmack. Master of English was he, and ranged when he so willed from light satire to the most caustic sarcasm—and for this he died. Nothing scurrilous, nothing unclean, nothing defamatory appears in The Tennessean against Duncan Cooper, yet, with the impotent rage of a mind completely unequal to the joust of irony, the latter and his son brood darkly and nurture murderous passions which are not quenched until they—two against one—"have the drop on him!"

It is not meet to sit in judgment before the law of the land has given fair trial, yet the unbiased reader must be struck with the absence of adequate justification for the killing and the fact that Carmack was

EX-SENATOR E. W. CARMACK

doomed! for if one of the Duncans had fallen first, the other would have been there to slay. The pity and the horror of it are beyond words. Yet he whose splendid life has been so ruthlessly blotted out, rests nobly and without stain. Nor has his work ended with his death. Hands, before reluctant, will gather it up in swift contrition and carry it on to a fairer conclusion than he had even dreamed.

CHRISTMAS

I.

Through vaulted arches floats the Christmas song,
Of white-robed choir, as slow it treads the aisle
In dim cathedral, and a listening throng
Of fashion's votaries, the while
Murmur a low "Amen"!

II.

"Lo! Christ is born! The King of Glory comes!"
The wondrous words are borne to waiting ear,
While thoughts of Christmas joy in hearts and homes,
Of Christmas merriment and cheer
Now swell the low "Amen"!

III.

Through noisome streets, through haunts of suffering, sin,
Where dark and fell despair holds sway supreme,
Its clanking chains hiding God's seal within,
A Stranger walks—while round his form a gleam
Of sunshine, lights the gloom
Of this—a living tomb!

IV.

He speaks! What strange, what unknown, welcome sound!
"I've come to share your toil, to give you bread!"
Despairing crowds the Stranger quiet surround.
"For wretchedness, come ye, find love instead!
I am your brother, friend;
This blessed Christmas Day
I'll light your darkened way."

V.

And thus, with outstretched hand the Stranger gives
Bread to the hungry, hope to hopeless hearts.
The prison cells He enters, and to lives
Of outcasts there, fresh courage he imparts.

* * * *

And still through dim cathedral sounds again
From kneeling worshippers the low "Amen"!
While Christ His Christmas keeps with suffering men.

(Mrs.) Sarah Martyn Wright.

Chicago, Ill.

My Christmas Guest

By Miss Margaret Axelson

JUDGE of my dismay when at the sound of a light tap, on opening the front door, she, with her hand basket of luggage, filled my vision. Taken by surprise, I did not possess my wits sufficiently to bar her entrance with an instantaneous fiction of contagious malady. Nor was there allowance of time as I stood there in large evidence of vigorous health. For once in my life I was at loss for an excuse, and then, in a flash, came the unexpected assault of her eager embrace, the light of friendship struggling for expression in the muddy pools of her brick-brown, old-young eyes whose stolidity seemed so surely expectant of a hearty welcome. It was, to say the least, staggering; but I could do nothing less than permit her to enter. Once installed, the interminable period of a two weeks' visit hampered me with its difficulties, and I realized how the ubiquity of an unwelcome presence could affect my nerves and temper.

In the late summer I had been on a visit to the country. While there, my wash-woman had become infected with a passion of friendship for my humble self. Really, the very poor are so sincerely earnest in the free dower of their kindly interest toward one that it is difficult to hold a protecting balance in favor of one's own individuality; thus, when on taking leave of Mrs. Tucker, she had proffered her sixteen-year-old, humpty dumpty daughter Pansy, as a visitor to me in the city, I had thought so little of the matter that I had not troubled to give a negative to the plan, carelessly allowing myself to be victimized in the aforementioned manner. My household did not comprise a single individual of anything near Pansy's years. This I told the inexperienced, helpless creature at once, suggesting that she return home by the next boat, as I was in too much haste with the work in my hands to permit myself the waste of valuable time in the search of holiday gifts, and would therefore not be taking either she or myself to see the season's display until it would be fairly past. Every one should, if possible, I admonished her, be at his own fireside at this particular time of the year in order to insure blessing of health and good fortune of possession against the advent of the new year's augury. Vaguely she listened, the aureole of her pale carroty hair outlined in silky tendrils around her freckled, snub-nosed visage, the lines of her small mouth drawn into its habitual pucker; indeed I do not think a single word of mine made any impression on this child of nature. To be in town was the ultimatum of her desire and closely she held to this purpose in the several evasive methods that she practised to prolong her stay.

Bartlett, the engineer on the launch, was coming for her when she would have finished her shopping. She surmised that it would be a day or two before that particular boat would make its return trip.

This was encouraging at least. The purgatory of her presence should not annoy me. I decided to assist her to finish her shopping immediately in order that no excuse should hinder her departure. "Peace on earth, good will to men," should not mean empty sentiment even to this poor little specimen of humanity. Deciding on what I might donate from my very meager affluence, and ascertaining that all the money she had to spend was a single dollar in trust, we started out to make our Christmas purchases, helping to swell the stream of humanity bent for the most part on the same mission.

Stopping at the bank, I was on the point of entering, when I was made aware of the girl's inattention to my movements on seeing her continue her course along the street with head set stiffly, glancing neither to right nor left and her feet going at a short rapid pace. It was ludicrous in the extreme, but maddening. Calling to her, I was obliged to raise my voice stentorously at the second attempt in order to attract her attention as to my whereabouts. Then, turning, I caught a glimpse of a man's face, who, striving to hide his inadvertent amusement, bowed to us in passing. A stranger to me this little act was not soothing to my sense of the fitness of the occasion, and a grim feeling began to rise within me as the girl, forging along out of step by my side, knocked occasionally against the wayfarers, the rebound bringing her the next moment with a thump against my person, the effect of which was irritating in the extreme.

Traversing the main thoroughfare and arriving at our destination, we entered the five-story building whose attractive show windows placarded rare bargains in china, cutlery, candies, tinsel and toys. Wedging our way through the mixed crowd of customers we edged along to the various counters, and with precarious patience secured a few of the holiday, catch-penny articles, whose color, size and number justified the small outlay of hard-earned cash; Pansy's concentrated attention wavering between ten-cent jewelry, combs and hair-ornaments, many-hued bolts of cheap ribbon, pocket-mirrors, picture-books, gilt china cups and a large assortment of fluffy haired bisque dolls, of which last, selecting two whose combined price amounted to thirty cents, she gave me a confident, bright glance, saying:

"Leillar and Pet'll be tickled to death a lookin' at 'em, you know. Good sized for the money, ain't they?"

"You'll dress them, I guess?"

A momentary hesitation expressed itself in her face, she had not considered this outcome of her generosity, but, in a flash she settled the question by saying:

"Miss Cassell'll dress 'em, I know, an' be proud to get the chainch. There ain't never nothin' too good for her young uns," ending with a wheezy, mirthless cackle of laughter. Wasting none of the precious moments in discussion of her favorite topic, the Cassell children, she turned to the brightly illustrated title covers of some children's books, selecting two, the price of both not exceeding forty cents; her excellent judgment easily appraising their literary merit. Twenty-five cents still remaining of the dollar, I was speculating as to what her next purchase would be, when the sight of the hose counter stimulated her with a rabid desire to secure a

pair of brown stockings for her mother. Questioning as to hair pins, for four cents, she secured at the bargain counter a collection of all assortments. Her satisfaction at discovery of this treasure trove was unbounded. To use her own expression, it was simply "dog luck." She still had eleven cents remaining, and I was curious to see what her next venture would be, when a collection of cheap jewelry caught our fancy, and a turquoise ring, costing a dime, was a prized addition to the lot. With one cent still in her purse, on our way out, she said:

"Bought Christmas; found a bargain and got money left," a mirthless parody of laughter accenting the remark. There had been rare pleasure surely in this girl's outlay of money to secure a few paltry presents for her two or three friends. Who shall say that the glorious full tide of the Yule season did not pulse in all its sublimity within that meager soul of starved humanity?

Threading our way through the influx of customers, we had gained the exit, when I was startled at the sound of a crash, and glancing back at the spot we had just vacated, saw that a man had lost his balance while attempting to hang a display of goods, and prone upon the floor, lay for a moment in a wallow of broken glass; his fall having cudgeled the customers, who, in allowing him space, had overturned a stacked assortment of cut-glass. He was on his feet in a moment, wild dismay picturing his face at sight of the smash around him, his startled eyes questioning the crowd for an explanation. Pansy's voice at my ear was saying:

"Poor man, he's seen Christmas 'fore it came, eh?"

A proud buoyancy now distinguished her gait, which to my sedate perception was even less pleasing than her former would-be-self-possession. Various objects attracting her attention, she held her visual concentration to the point of turning to see what was transpiring in our rear. This led to confusion, as, hampered with bundles, she stumbled down on a cripple, who, seated on the side-walk, held a beggar's alms-cup to the passing crowd. The object of charity gave a whine as she scattered the contents of his cup; her good nature coming to the rescue, she deposited her bundles on the sidewalk, where it was my duty to mount guard over them, and in a few moments she had gathered the man's nickels and pennies, contributing her one cent to the collection as she returned it to his mutilated hand. A grateful light shone in his tired, dark eyes as he said, very humbly:

"Thank you, Miss."

I was constrained to donate a silver quarter that shone in a large circle of newness among the few poor coins; but a blessing had surely fallen upon him with the girl's copper cent, and the contribution from bystanders almost filled his cup ere we went on our way. Crossing the street, and bringing up at the corner of the block where we should turn on the course, I was surprised into greeting some friends I had not met in an age. A member of the party turning off with me to discuss a business proposition while the others proceeded on their way, we had almost reached our abiding place when on looking around for the girl she was nowhere in sight. To return on our track was the only method of finding the delinquent, who, look where we may, was not to be seen in the throng that now began to fill the streets. My companion decided that the girl, keeping to her course down the street leading to the

docks, there would be a fair chance of finding her on that route, but it was not until we had gained the foot of the street that, on looking across the intervening space, I finally discovered the familiar figure of my protege in conversation with a fellow whose attire stamped his calling that of an engineer. In the midst of much loquacity and merriment she was just then delivering her bundles to him, finishing this, she turned toward us and meeting my gaze, stolidly came up to me, saying:

"I was just in time to catch the boat before it leaves, and in luck geting Maw's wash-money to buy her some things that she needs right away. Bartlett done give it to me and sez that maw said, 'stay as long as I've a mind to.' Clever of her, ain't it, when she needs me so much at home? An' maw ain't strong. I sent the things up by him, every thing but this," exhibiting a plain, glittering ring on the third finger of her left hand. My companion, lifting his hat in leave-taking, had turned away, and I was stupidly constrained to say in response to the girl's admission concerning the ring:

"You've already lost the set out of it, haven't you?"

She gazed at me in uncomprehending surprise until I repeated the remark which she finally understood, saying:

"O! This ain't a set ring. No ma'am. Look," turning it slowly on her finger, then, suddenly calling attention to my departing escort said, with mischievous intent, surely:

"Who's he?"

Quick intuition flashed into my brain, as at variance with the order of truth, I answered, carelessly:

"Oh, that's only the Clerk of the Court. He's on the lookout for couples to get license fees from, so he can make some Christmas money."

Instead of the mantling blush that I expected to see, I was surprised with a sudden cackle of boisterous merriment that left tears in the eyes of this prodigy of the great pine barrens, as she loudly cried:

"He's shorely missed it this time. He, he, he."

Amusement continued to radiate over her countenance to the limit of my endurance, and I vowed that silence on some subjects would be the greatest law of society. Almost the shades of night were falling now, and I took no heed of the expediency of outlay of Pansy's mother's wash-money. The impression that my services in the Santa Claus cause had been onerous enough for that day lent an added zest to my determination to get home, secure my supper, and retire to think out a problem of my own affairs that from the poor past had again risen to worry me.

I shortly began to realize that Pansy was not hampered with diffidence on any matter whether abstruse or otherwise. Her garrulous tongue repeating the small idiom of her narrow brain many times over in her efforts to be brilliantly communicative as to results and happenings in her native region of Lone Pine.

Her mother's people—their possessions and their natural talents far outvying that of any others whatsoever. They were a race that seemingly existed to eat meat. Meat was the foundation of their sturdy size and vigorous health. Fat pork in unlimited abundance was the necessary adjunct of this family's proficiency in hard labor, untrained excellency of musical skill on the violin and super-excellent merit record in the public schools; her cousins and uncles making an av-

erage of 125% and 150% at every examination.

Possibly the most touching of her many legends was that of the "Pink Ribbon." This keepsake, treasured by her mother, had been in her possession for at least twenty-five years. Pansy did not remember it in its first glory, but it betokened more to her than the feather-cloth relic of the Cliff Dwellers would to an enthusiastic archæologist. Selecting it from her little bunch of worn and discolored samples of the kind, she drew it tenderly through her shapely, freckled fingers as she held it toward me for inspection and criticism; it was as if the very action said:

"Is it not wonderful to have kept for so long a time, this frail and beautiful thing?"

Looking at it, in its inch-wide, worn and dingy smoothness, I saw only Mrs. Tucker's puffy, unattractive, toil-worn face and stubby, shapeless middle-aged figure. Then, to give a meed of praise to the almost fetish worship of the article in question, I said, carefully:

"It must have been good silk. Where did your mother ever get it?"

A smile stiffened the corners of her lips, as she hastened to say:

"She won't tell me anything about it, only that it's Christmas ribbin. I'll bet you, tho', some of her fellers giv' it to her, or she wouldn't've kep' it so long. Would she, now?"

Romantic interest quickening here at thought of life's possibilities, no matter how bare the tenor of the way. The fitness and beauty of it mirrored in the absorbent young soul, as, in line with those who have gone before, it enters the same path of world-old ways.

An immovable occupant of the parlor or dining-room, when I conferred with my visitors; she would remain there as if on watch-duty bent, to the very close of the call. The limit of my endurance was reached when, one day the leader of our benevolent association, with whom I was very slightly acquainted, called to arrange a programme for a new outcome of the charity benefit. A very old lady, she was the Mrs. Potter Palmer of our locality, and my youthfulness as a matron augmented my nervousness in receiving this mother of the social nest. Progressing fairly to the middle of our discourse, I was on the point of congratulating myself as a fairly turned conversationalist in holding the attention of such a power, when the old aldy, turning suddenly to regard Pansy, as if having just at that moment observed her presence, said abruptly:

"A relative of yours?"

To this unexpected inquiry I, very meekly said, "No," though I was rampantly desirous of voicing my indignation at this shadow of an implication on my family tree. I wondered that the girl did not have discrimination enough to absent herself from the room, but no; she was a fixture that followed me out on the veranda, where I took leave of my guest.

Christmas week was fraught with much social preparation on my part this year. I had been married on the night of the twenty-fourth of December of the preceding year, and the anniversary having arrived, I was expecting my husband home by suppertime at least. It was our first separation since our wedding-day, and all the morning I had been nervously expectant of his dear, familiar presence, the faintest sound at the front door sending a thrill across my sensibilities. I had not heard from him in two days and I was very sure that he would drop down on me with a sudden appearance, thus, I was desirous

of getting rid of Pansy before his arrival, but the plentitude of a holiday rainfall had debarred our going to the docks in search of the launch that plied between her home and the city. This morning I had certain hope of sending her away, as the sky was beautifully clear, the sun rays glittering in a frosty atmosphere that stimulated endeavor to swift accomplishment of purpose. Advising her therefore to pack her belongings, I was on the point of donning my street attire for the trip when a boy came to the door with a telegram, and my startled vision read the following:

"Come at once: Dallas needs you.
Lester."

The rushing air of a great vacuum overwhelmed me and I sat down on the floor in a lump. Pansy's round, freckled face seemed to draw away from me and my breathing was strangely difficult. The tenacity of thought kept repeating the three words, "Dallas needs you," and a shivering spasm of deadly sickness possessed my being. Thought again repeated, "Dallas needs you," and the lightning of a poignant pain centered in the region of my heart. Reaching for a chair whereon to lay my head, I was dimly conscious of Pansy's frightened face as she cautiously neared me. I tried vainly to say something to the girl, but not until the third attempt did the words articulate in a falsetto tone that surprised myself, as I said:

"Why don't you go home?"

The girl's reply was instantaneous in the words:

"I'm ready. I'm going now. Shall I help you to your feet, Mis' Richter, before I go?"

For answer I laid my head on the chair bottom, and a long whine of suppressed agony was expressed in a rush of tears that left me faint and quivering. Then it was that the girl, speaking for the first time from her own convictions as to my affairs, said:

"I don't think I'd better go today, or, that is, not until you're yourself agin. I'll bring down a cot for you in this room, so as you can rest easy?"

I heard her mount the stairs to fulfill her promise, but surely sleep fell upon me, as the shades of evening were closing in when next I recovered consciousness, finding myself in my own bed-room. My eyes, slowly unclosing, saw Dallas in the light of a lonely vigil. As I stirred, he turned toward me with a question of sympathy in his glance, and the glad relief of his presence forced me into a sitting posture on the bed in a vain effort to express my joy at his safety. Questioning him as to the telegram, he was curtly indignant in the words:

"Your wonderful young brother's practical joke again, that's all. We should be tolerably well accustomed to his ruling passion by this time, surely, considering all that he has accomplished on his victims. Let's forget him, Elsie. Do you remember what this night means to us, or have you already forgotten in one year, the cycle of a lifetime?"

"Forgotten!" I tried to convey a world of reproach in the tone, but it was cut short by his kind embrace and further speech was unnecessary until I thought to ask him what he had for his dinner, then, suddenly remembering Pansy in the words—"And that girl? Where is she, Dallas? Will she never go home? You'll have to get her off on the boat tomorrow, sure."

"Me? Who?" in antagonistic protest. "Oh, I understand. The Cel-

tic ikon in the kitchen? Well, she's gone. A man came for her this afternoon, and I paid her wages, cut the sum to five dollars, neat. Cheap help isn't worth the money—"

"Wages?" I shrieked. "Wages?" That nightmare! Heavens:—"

"She said you hadn't paid her, and, of course—"

"But you asked her, in the first place. Didn't you, now?" fiercely.

"Certainly, and she said she'd been with you two weeks—"

"Yes, as an undesirable visitor. She forced herself on me."

"A visitor! That freak!" He gave a gasp before saying: "Poor little woman. In your own home, too. I'm more than ever convinced now that you need a man in the house all the time to scare away the bugaboos."

With the thought of Pansy's wages fresh in my mind, I could not refrain from saying:

"Surely, when they are high-priced freaks."

THE HOME PITIFUL

We coax the laughing little one from play,
And wheedle him, bright-eyed, into his gown;
Then teach our unaccustomed lips to say
The tales he lisps for, ere we lay him down.

The dainty bed, the filmy, hand-wrought lace-
Her care, in each detail, is manifest;
The sunny curls, the baby face—*her* face—
In smiling sleep so blessed, so unblest.

For wealth of Love and wealth of Things has he,
Yet stranger-hearts tonight would o'er him grieve—
In blinding tears we deck the holly tree—
"His Mother *dead*. And it is *Christmas Eve!*"

THE HOLY CHILD

By Mary Chapin Smith

The night was still and white
When holy Love came down,
And in the sacred manger laid
His little shining head,
To sleep His first soft baby sleep
In that sweet lowly bed.
The Babe, the Wonderful,
The Lord of Life and Light,
Forgot his scepter and his crown,
Forgot the heavenly meadows bright,
And cooed and smiled and played,
And gazed in Mother Mary's face,
With all the lovely baby grace
And dimpled mirth
Of any happy child of earth.

And now the radiant mother holds
The glory of this wondrous child
Close to her breast, so warm and bare;
With gentle arms of love enfolds,
And veils him with her glittering hair.
What shadow of the future lies
Upon the holy pair?
And can it be the mother's eyes,
Eyes of gazelle, so softly mild,
Grow large with somber, frightened stare,
And rest upon a vision wild
Imprinted on the shivering air?

Watch kingdoms of the world forsworn,
The feeding of the multitude,
The water flushing into wine,
The stilling of an angry sea;
The sacred grove, the withered tree,
The little home in Bethany;
The Pharisee, who sits in scorn,
The woman, beauteous and forlorn,
By love's repentance torn;
The midnight watch, the thief, the cross,
Terror and flight and tears like rain,
The quaking ground, the skies that lower,
The blackness of the fatal Hour,
The rending of the veil in twain.
Love living, dying, for the world,
Love's agony for thee and me.
For mine and thine, O Love Divine;
Love reaching down through endless years,
Love giving joy, Love quelling fears,
Love going with us all our days,
Love leading through the darkened ways.

O child of heaven, Holy One,
Desire of Nations come to earth,
Light of the World and Life of Men,
We hail the glory of thy birth;
With shepherd and with Eastern mage,
On bended knee we fall,
Adore thee, O thou Wonderful,
Thou everlasting King of Kings,
And love Thee ever best of all.

A Genius that the World did not Recognize

N one of my old scrapbooks lies a faded newspaper sheet, containing a speech which was made in 1833. It struck me at the time as being a most original, suggestive, brilliant and *thoughtful* address. So, into the scrap-book it went. Before 1883, I had never heard the name of the speaker, Dr. S. W. Leland. After 1883, I never heard it again. A few days ago, it occurred to me that the readers of the Jeffersonian Magazine might like to know what sort of addresses were made to Agricultural Societies twenty-five years ago,—Dr. Leland's speech having been delivered at a meeting of the Agricultural Society of Georgia, at its annual session, in Atlanta. At the same time, it was desirable that our readers be told something about Dr. Leland, himself; and, therefore, Mrs. Rebecca J. Felton was asked to tell the Jeffersonian what she knew of him,—for the newspaper report contained the information that he was a resident of Mrs. Felton's County.

Below, her prompt reply (for which the Jeffersonian thanks her very much), is given in her own words.

It is just as we had supposed: Dr. Leland was one of those gifted men whose genius makes no claim upon the world and who die unrecognized.

"Dr. Sam W. Leland moved to Bartow County from South Carolina, in the later 50's—and lived (my neighbor)—until his death—within two or three miles of our home. He was our family physician for years and years—always a welcome visitor—in sickness or in health.

His father was a distinguished minister who lived and died in Columbia, S. C., in charge of one of the largest Presbyterian churches, of the State. Dr. S. W. Leland had all that a home of culture and piety could give him—and was himself a cultured Southern gentleman.

He was Southern to the core—and took a savage delight in discussing the political demagogues of the time he lived in. He was a tower of defense for us, in reconstruction times—because he would stand up against the whole tribe of radicals—even when it meant danger and maybe violence to an outspoken rebel. His brother wrote a very readable book on South Carolina's condition in the war, and later. I have it somewhere—but I have shifted lodgings so often within the last ten years—I might not be able to get it promptly if I hunted for it.

Dr. Sam Leland was born witty as well as brave. He could entertain a roomful of people in a surprising way. He copied after nobody in this world—and even when you might not agree with him in his premises—you would be sure to roar with delighted amusement at his conclusions. If Chas. Dickens could have listened to him—we would have had an immortal character in his delineation of Dr. Leland's wit and general make up—because his sort are very rare.

He was of stalwart frame—with a massive head of red (auburn) hair. In the prime of life and health he would have weighed 200 lbs.—but he was a victim to asthma in later years—almost died at times, the malady was so terrible.

When his neighbors would go to help him, he would be found sitting upright, day and night or maybe kneeling in front of a big arm chair—trying to get a bit of rest from his implacable foe—and even then he would say so many bright and witty things, that nobody realized his condition—when almost suffocating for lack of breath.

He detested shams, with his whole soul—and where he felt safe to do it—he could actually puncture pretentious people, with keen delight—his criticisms were so original and scathing—and true to life.

He lived the life of a simple country doctor—but he was born for the best and sprightliest society—that we know anything about in fact or fiction.

I knew he could make the speech, which he did make. He talked to us of it, before he attended the meeting; and we were delighted that the outside world could know something of his gifts, before he passed away. Under favorable circumstances, with plenty of money and leisure, he could have made many such speeches, in many places, where he would have been applauded for his originality and genuine wit.

He was entirely too free spoken and candid to be popular; as politicians are popular, but he was happy in his honest conclusions about men and things—when he discussed their foibles, and hollow pretensions; and he was perfectly loyal to all that he believed in. He left one daughter, who removed to Arkansas—a few years ago,—and so many have died and moved away—that I am relying entirely on my own recollections of Dr. Leland in replying to your inquiry."

ADDRESS BY DR. S. W. LELAND,

Of Cartersville, Ga.

I rise to a question of privilege. I want to announce here that I am no agricultural tramp, no dead beat, no kid-glove farmer, and only a political wire-worker, when there is a great question involved, or I have a friend in the field. I own a hundred acres of land in Bartow county composed of wood, public road, yard, garden, orchard, horse lot, pond and field. Having no sons to work for me, I have a little mill at the end of my pond 20x12, the busiest little corn cracker that ever worked for only its feed. I am the miller, and there is my office. In it I keep a few books, newspapers and stationery, and the only extravagance I'm guilty of is taking the Daily Atlanta Constitution, as I am determined to keep up with the times. I emphatically earn my daily bread, and having no other resource, I support my family from this vast estate, and do not owe a human being a cent. The Bible says: "Seest thou a man diligent in business, he will stand before kings; he will not stand before mean men." Verily, this day is this scripture fulfilled in your hearing, for here I stand in the presence of the lords of the soil and the sovereigns of the State of Georgia. Through the courtesy of the executive committee and our honorable secretary, I was invited to deliver an address on labor, or any other subject. As I was chosen from the rank and file of this society, and wanted as much latitude as possible, I determined to accept, and will make an effort to address you on labor, or any other subject, particularly the last clause of the verse.

I will give you some solid reasons why you should listen with patience and forbearance to this, my first experiment. I have been a member of this society for ten or twelve years, have never occupied a minute of your time, have never arisen to offer a motion of thanks or moved in adjournment to get my name mentioned in the proceedings. When I first came among you, I found men who talked a great deal, men who would talk, and whom I liked to hear talk. As a delegate, I, too, had a right to talk, and could no doubt have learned to do so, at your expense, but as diffidence and modesty have weighed, like an incubus, upon my ambition all my life, I preferred to listen and to learn, and have patiently set at the feet of these agricultural Gamaliels, and ab-

sorbed wisdom, as it was scattered broadcast, drilled and harrowed into me.

During the first few days, I have changed the whole programme of this performance. I have written an essay on labor so deep, so full of research, so exhaustive, so laborious, that my name would have been handed down among the Macaulays and Carlyles of literature, and Nancy's creek would have appeared on the next published map as an important branch of the Etowah, because the great American essayist lived upon its verdant banks. But the weather was too hot, the domestic, farming and milling calls too frequent for me to perfect it. So with my heart filled with kindness and pity for a patient but suffering audience, I kicked the pedestal of fame from under my feet and pigeonholed the valuable document for my grand-children to use as wrapping paper, and determined to draw inspiration from laboring millrocks, floating meal dust and the music of falling water, and scratch these thoughts as they occurred to me, always certain that if it was not on labor it must be on some other subject, making up by length what it lacked in depth, and confident of paying back some that have preceded me in measure full, well shaken and running over as a miller's toll dish.

Labor is a subject diffuse enough in itself if I could stick to it.

It is scattered all over this round world. It was instituted soon after the creation of man, and rolled down the stream of time, ever increasing, ever improving as the human race multiplied and the civilization of nations demanded, and the various instruments of toil will never be laid aside until dropped from the nerveless hand of the laborer; when the angel shall set one foot upon the sea and the other upon the land and swear by Him who liveth forever that time shall be no more. For man may come and man may go, but work goes on forever!

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, and right there was labor instituted. There is no dignity in labor. Those who have written splendid essays on its dignity never tried it with their muscles. Seneca wrote of the beauties of poverty and was rich enough to have written it on a table of gold—but the poor would rather have the table than the essay.

Labor is a curse entailed upon us by the transgression of our first parents. They had a good thing of it. They wanted a better, and they lost it all! Don't consider me as blaming the old folks. There is no pair of their descendants, young and healthy, who isolated to themselves, without the fear of public opinion, but what would have done as they did. They have always had my sympathy, especially since the Civil War.

They had a splendid landed estate, but nobody to work for them, for the negro was not then caught and tamed. They did all they could under the circumstances,—they begot sons. Cain was not dignified by his labor. Contending with cat-claw briers and sassafras sprouts did not improve his temper, and he behaved badly. And when he went to the land of Nod, it was not to go to sleep, but to make a living, so he, too, begot sons, and put them to work.

Work is honorable. It is the foundation of civilization, but there is no dignity in sweat and toil.

It has no doubt happened to you as well as to myself, for some sewing machine agent, or fruit peddler to drive up to the farm, and ask us if "the gentleman of the place was at home."

How often in youth have I heard some beautiful but thoughtless city belle, say with a sneer, "why he is only a mechanic, or only a farmer." I have lived long enough to know some of them, when languishing as old maids, or worse, the slave of some be-scented sidewalk dandy, feel in the bitterness of regret, that really she believes, some she rejected before, would now do very well for her. As well may yonder tall and tapering spire which rears its architectural beauty heavenward, scorn the strong and rugged rocks upon which

it is founded! Labor and sweat are penalties of the fall; but Heaven has draped these penalties with beauty and love. Our Creator has so constituted us that none are happy unless their minds or hands are busy,—except the educated negro and the dude.

All honor to every industry engaged in gathering the materials and shaping them so as to be applicable to the uses of mankind; all praise to all labor which contributes to the material, intellectual or moral wealth of the State. But agriculture is the heart which sends its life currents through all the departments of industry, and by its deposits, sustains, enriches and adorns all the accumulation of labor. The mother of all the arts, of all the trades; of all the industries, it can look around upon the busy progressing world, and claim all the products of skill and labor, and genius, as its own contribution to the world's happiness. There is in it what the old alchemist sought for in vain. They thought they could find a fluid which would transmute all things into gold. **The plow is the great alchemist of modern times.** Not a steam transport, not a locomotive with its rich freight; not a city with its palaces, and its shops glittering with gold and gems; not a factory with its whirling spindles and clattering machinery; not a house with its luxuries, or necessities; not an inventor, instructor or author, but agriculture can say to each and every one of them: **These are transmutations of my skill and labor.**

Yes, the general might return from a victorious campaign, with laurels upon his brow, but he cannot browse upon laurels.

The statesman and the orator can climb to the height of power, and become the idol of his party by fooling the people.

The preacher by his pulpit eloquence can make men give everything to the Lord—but their pocket-books. The doctor, by his scientific research and polished address, may amass great riches and even win the gratitude of heirs by smoothing the pathway to the grave of some rich but tenacious old man.

The lawyer (a necessary evil), backed by the wickedness of man, and his two great coadjutors, alcoholic drinks and the credit system, may roll in wealth and honor.

The successful speculator, who counts his gains by millions, bulls and bears, who pull the wool from the lambs of a thousand pastures, and can build railroads and factories, thus gaining more wealth than all these may be necessary to the completion of a great country, but they are all supported by the labor of the humble worker.

The rough, horny hand of the farmer, made so by honest toil, is the grandeur of civilization and the strength of a country.

I wish I had time to dwell on some of the great labors of the farmer. One of them is to control his temper.

In great many sections of the State we are in an anomalous condition. We have a fence law, but no lawful fences, and no timber to build them. The communist, and those always prejudiced against the landholder, will not allow us to do away with the rotten things we have. So every farmer has to keep up miles of expensive fencing to keep out a few hogs, with heads like a gar-fish and tails like a black snake. Think of the poor farmer, ready with his family to go to church on Sunday. He sees these creatures destroying his crop. He looks around for help in vain. His hands all gone off and the dogs gone with them. Telling his family to go and remember him in their prayers, he rushes out to do the hardest day's work of the week. The hogs, lean, long-legged, and fleet as grey-hounds, lineal descendants of those possessed with devils, can never see the hole they came in at.

If a man can preserve his religion and dignity under such circumstances, he will be entitled to a high seat.

But we have this consolation, that we are living under the freest government the sun ever shone upon. Free to whites,

free to blacks, free to dogs and free to hogs; where every man if he chooses, can sit under a vine or a fig tree, with none to molest, unless he is afraid.

Another great labor of the farmer is to keep out of debt. The farmer that buys fertilizers and supplies on credit to make cotton, is condemned to the labor of Sysiphus. He can roll the stone to the top, but it will be certain to roll down again. He is like the man whose sheep-fold was ravaged by a wolf. To remedy the evil he bought him a wolf-dog, and put him on the robber's tracks. They all went helter skelter through the woods until coming up with a woodchopper he asked him in breathless excitement, "Did you see a wolf and a dog pass here?" "Yes." "How were they making it?" "Nip and tuck, but the dog was a leetle ahead."

I could advise the farmer to a shorter road to ruin, and that one would save him all the trouble of farming. Buy the cotton ready-made, give his note for it secured by a mortgage on his farm. Sell the cotton and live like a fighting cock on the money. And when the sheriff sells him out, he can go to Texas, or the devil, for what the community will care.

Raise all the provisions you can. Then plant all the cotton you can. Get one year ahead, even if you have to practice the Irishman's idea of economy—to do without things you are obliged to have. Always pay as you go. It has been sarcastically said, that if you do that you will not go far. Well, don't go far, at least no further than Atlanta. If you stick to farming on that programme you may never be a bloated bondholder, or a coupon clipper, but you will be that noblest work of God—an honest man.

It has always seemed strange to me, that men of nerve and resolution; men who could lead a forlorn hope, or charge a battery, cannot curb their own desires, or command their own families. Why is it that we did not profit by the lessons of the war? With our ports blockaded, and our borders occupied by a cordon of foes, we had to live on the wholesome production of our own soil, and were clad by the untiring industry of our women. Had we carried the lessons of economy and thrift we learned there, into times of peace, the surrender at Appomattox would have been a final triumph to our section.

During the war they flooded our country with the hirelings of the world, who stole or destroyed everything they could find. After our flag was folded, they invaded us with their accumulated stock of goods, and flooded our country with pinch-back jewelry, patent medicines, and every conceivable trash that would tempt the extravagance of our women, or administer to the appetite of man, until they had gathered the proceeds of all the cotton they had failed to find during the war. No wonder they had a contempt for us, and bemeaned us, and reconstructed us, and retroverted us, and made us swear (with a mental reservation) to honor and obey that once grand old constitution after they had defiled it with patches, and perfumed it with the aroma of Africa.

We have the finest country in the world, and it will be our fault if we do not become the greatest and richest people the sun ever shone upon. We have all the elements of success right here in our midst, and could be, if we choose, independent of the world. All men of capital and skill are welcomed to join us, but I do not believe in begging them to come. Make it to their interest and they will flock in fast enough.

We do not want white foreign hirelings in our fields. Oglethorpe tried that 150 years ago, and failed. If there is any credit attached to it the distinguished founder of Georgia has the honor of resisting the importation of negro slaves by yankee cruisers even to his own loss. The Puritan Bible readers knew that they were intended for the hewers of wood and drawers of water for a superior race, and if there was any money to be made by carrying out a Bible curse they were the missionaries to execute it.

Five millions of negroes are scattered over our country. They were born upon our soil and grew up under our in-

fluence. He is so constituted that the summer's sun at noon does not affect him, and he fattens upon the miasmas of the swamps. He can live upon the coarsest food and wear the shabbiest clothes without falling in the esteem of his fellows. On the bare floor, with his blanket around his head and his head to the fire, he can sleep through the coldest night and wake up refreshed for his daily toil. He has no thought for tomorrow and no aspirations for the future. He is deficient, it is true, in gratitude, but he has little revenge. He is a negro now, and will be a negro always, for the Ethiopian can never change his skin. Our enemies say that these low characteristics are the result of slavery. They know that the assertion is false. Before any of us were born the colonization society took the very best of the race and settled them in Liberia, Africa. They gave them the land, they furnished them with implements of labor and with plenty of food. All the Christian governments banded themselves together to protect them in their liberty. They had their own government. Every office from president to constable was filled by negroes. Nearly a century has passed, and what have they done? What statesman, historian, poet or inventor have they furnished to the world as a proof of their advancement? Not one. Their fathers went there trained laborers, their children are ignorant, idle vagabonds. Their advancement which they make here is owing to their association with their superiors. Isolated to themselves, they would soon go back to barbarism.

But we needed them as slaves, we need them as freedmen, for I contend that for the successful planting of cotton, rice and cane, the negro and mule are a **sine qua non,** the one was created, and the other invented, especially to suit the necessities of Southern culture. It is nonsense to talk of their idleness. Call you the making of seven millions of bales of cotton last year, not working! Uncontrolled, the negro is a nuisance; properly managed, he is a blessing to the South. It is not only on account of their value to us as laborers, that I want them here. It is because they stand between us and the desires of our enemies, that we should lose our characteristics as Southerners by commingling our blood with all the white vagabonds of the earth, and become like them in thrift and meanness.

We have nearly five hundred thousand negroes in Georgia, the best kind of hired labor, for our soil and climate. They are finding out that the Southern land owners are the only friends they have upon earth. They are unable to take care of themselves. We need their brawn and muscle, and they need our brains. Always treat them kindly and justly. Do not find too much fault with their triflingness and want of judgment, for it is owing to these traits that they are and always will be hirelings. Remember the suddenness with which these people were changed from slaves to citizens. It took England five hundred years to abolish white slavery in her government. The great creator of the universe, when he determined to take the Jews out of Egyptian bondage, with a high hand and outstretched arm, kept them out of Palestine for forty years, until all but two of the old slaves were dead, knowing they would not be fit for freedom or citizenship. Our government made citizens of our negro slaves, by a proclamation, and took them out of the cotton fields, to be our rulers and legislators.

"Fools madly rush in
Where angels scarce would tread."

But now comes the politician with another abstraction. He takes the negro by the collar and leads him to the front, and asks, "What shall we do with this problem?" In the name of common sense, is the negro always to be a factor in our politics? Will politicians never cease to fondle with his wool? Has he not been freed? Is he not a citizen? Don't it appear that he has equal rights under the law? Has he not the same inexorable taskmasters over him in common with all laborers, the stomach, the back, and the law? Is he not the cheapest voter in all the gov-

ernment? Don't he divide between the two great parties according to the eternal fitness of things, by giving his principles to the republicans, and his votes to the democrats? What more would you have? He must be colonized! **Colonized where?** Must he be sent to the north to freeze, and starve? To the western territories to be scalped? To Tewksbury to be skinned, or to Africa to be eaten? No, "He is in his father's home, and he is here to stay."

But, says the New England philanthropist, these victims of your oppression must be educated. Well, let them educate them. It would be nothing but right if they devoted every dollar, for which their forefathers sold them, to the benefit of their condition. Victims of oppression! Compare the Southern negro with his progenitors in Africa, even of the royal blood, and he is as much superior as a two hundred and fifty dollar Kentucky mule is to a Mexican donkey.

I am in favor of education, but I'm not in favor, or ever will be, of taxing one man to educate another's children; and I also assert that no man has the right to ask the government for bread, for work, for education, for religion or morals, and should they ask our government for the two last, they might as well go to a goat's house for wool.

But this is a dangerous subject, as I might be conscripted into being a candidate for congress from the 7th, and if I was not in favor of all the humbugs of the day, I'd have it thrown up to me.

So, go on, Mr. Politician, with your policy, and Mr. Philanthropist with your foolery. Insist upon a high grade of education for the negro, whether he is fit for it or not. Stuff his head full of classical lore; make the differential and integral calculus as plain to him as the multiplication table. Let the pons asinorum, the hypotheneuses and the paralapeipedous be to him for playthings. Give him a contempt for all manual labor. Then close every office of profit to him. Deny him your clerkships; shut the doors of your professions upon him; and I tell you this problem will become a conundrum.

I will make this proposition: Let the cities take care of the so-called educated ones, and we in the country will be glad to have those who only have sense enough to fear God and obey the laws of the land.

I always associate labor with the negro, the negro with the yankee, the yankee with that grand old crew of crop-haired fanatics, the pioneers of tyranny and oppression, who fled from persecution to become persecutors themselves, whose whole idea of civil and religious freedom was to do as they pleased, and make others do as they did, who, as soon as they landed on the celebrated rock, called a meeting, and after opening with prayer, unanimously adopted the following preamble and resolutions:

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

Resolved 1. That all things belong to the Lord's people.

Resolved 2. That we are the Lord's people.

That was the platform that enabled them conscientiously to rob and murder the Indians, to steal and sell negroes from Africa, to persecute the Quakers, and to burn and drown old women for witches. Their descendants in gratitude for the wealth and power acquired by the teachings of these hard headed and iron hearted pilgrims, have invoked the genius of history, poetry and oratory, to throw a glamour over their vices, and cause their imaginary virtues to shine as the stars of Heaven.

The classic Everett, and the godlike Webster, have woven for themselves unfading chaplets, by showing what a cultivated imagination and brilliant eloquence could do for such hard cases. If the ghost of a departed Pilgrim could have been present and heard these magnificent eulogies, he would have thrown up his bloodless hand and said, "Stop boys, all that can do us no good now." I was once a poet myself, and in my leisure moments used to write lines on "The Beautiful Snow," and I can em-

body the truth about ourselves and posterity in six lines of poetry, every line a volume.

"On Plymouth rock our tents we set,
Our guns and rum made the Indians get;
We smuggled slaves from Congo's mouth,
When it did not pay we sold them south—
Then groaned because of southern sins
And freed the negro to tan their skins."

I have traveled over that wonderful country. (For I have not always been a miller.) My feet have pressed that sacred rock at Plymouth, and while it looked like an ordinary rock to me my feet grew bigger from that day. I have breathed the classic atmosphere of Boston, and I grew so bigoted and conceited that I was charged double price at the hotel. I visited Salem, but found that the ponds where they drowned old women for witches had been drained. I did not go to Tewksbury, for it had not attained its celebrity for tanning, as negro skins were too dear. I have rested under the shade of Bunker Hill monument and have thought since if they would put up another at Bull Run, they would both serve as monuments of the folly of their fighting, unaided, a people of superior bravery.

But after all they are a great people, a prosperous people, a wealthy people—and they owe the most of it to the indomitable energy, industry and economy, practiced by them from the cradle to the grave. They get all they can, keep all they get, and throw away nothing but their prayers.

It was foolish for us to have fought them. A poor man might as well go to law with a rich one for his rights. He might gain every verdict, yet die in the poor house. If the confederates had not worn themselves out whipping them and quit when they did from exhaustion, the yankees would have hired out the finishing job and got rich on shoddy contracts and plundered goods, and actually enjoyed themselves reading about our devastation and destruction.

But, thank God, these terrible times have passed, and passed forever. Those strong and cruel men who rose to eminence through their hatred of us have gone to their reward. Their loss has been our great gain, for they have gone where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. There will be no more war between the sections from now henceforth and forever. There will always be a contest, but it will be carried on under the banner of peace. Achilles, who was thought to be invulnerable, caused great havoc in the Trojan ranks, until they found a tender place in his heel. The tender place in our late triumphant foes, are their pockets, and we must attack them there.

It will do no good to compromise your principles or your policy with them. You may throw tub after tub to the northern whale on the subject of negro education, but the whale won't bite. Military companies may exchange visits and have a royal time. Conquered banners and worthless swords may be mutually returned, and the yankees will smile. But let the South ask for a place in the government. Present the purest, the best, the most gifted Southern statesman to them for president. That will be the Ithurial spear which will turn this smiling, social people into demons of hate!

The Turks have a remnant of the striped petticoat of one of Mahomet's wives. They call it their sacred banner, and it is never flaunted to the breeze unless their religion is in danger. Under it they fight to death, asking for and giving no quarters. Our northern brethren have a dirty rag taken from the caned back of one of their statesmen, and whenever their pocket nerve is touched, the "bloody shirt" is waved! Then

"Farewell truce and oath begone."

In that fight they have no seried ranks with gleaming bayonets, no belching artillery, no blood is shed under their sacred banner. But Wall Street is agitated to its center. Newspapers flame with lies, the pulpit is prostituted to the

worst passions of man, office holders are bled and offices sold in the shambles. Money, not blood, flows like water. The vast patronage of the government must be kept in their midst. They know the value of money, for it can buy a doubtful state, it can purchase a seat on the supreme bench, it can make a president of the United States.

We must get rich! Let the young South arise in their might and compete with them in everything but their religion and morals. Don't mind old fogies like myself and others of the same age, who are sulking in their tents.

"Life is real, life is earnest,
In this modern fight of life;
Be not like your old ancestors
But let money be your strife."

We have the cotton and can make cheaper goods than they can. We have the wool, and will have sense enough to use it. We can make iron at less cost than they can, and must manufacture it into implements we are obliged to have.

In exchange for their pork and filthy lard, made out of putrescent carcasses, give them a salute all along the line, from thousands of cars, loaded up to the muzzle with cucumbers, watermelons and garden truck. I never see a train of refrigerators, dashing along at breakneck speed, but what, with my hand pressed just below my heart, I breathe a silent prayer for its safe arrival, feeling that our revenge is coming at last.

Get rich! Sell everything marketable and live on the culls. Let every yellow legged chicken, dozen of eggs and pound of butter look in your eyes as fractions of a dollar, and act accordingly. Get rich! if you have to be mean. The world respects a rich scoundrel more than it does an honest poor man. Poverty may do to go to heaven with. But in these modern times, if you should become so poor as to get full of sores, and you should be laid at some rich man's gate, you will find that the good dog, moreover, is dead; and you will either be carried to the calaboose or get a blooming case of hydrophobia.

Get rich! and the South will no more beg for settlers; the sails of your vessels will whiten every sea; emigrants will pour in; capitalists will invest, and should the yankees bring their machinery to the cotton, instead of carrying the cotton to their factories, and move here in force and adopt the South as their home—with all their energy, thrift and industry—then I would say to my "Brother in black" that there will be no more romantic novels written about him, no more addresses delivered and published in first-class newspapers with reference to our duty to him; but in that age of utility and progress, when the old fogies of the South are dead, he will find that he is not the pet of any one. A poll tax paid by one in ten will not send his children to high schools and colleges. He will have to stir himself and march to the motto of "every man for himself and the Lord for us all, and the devil catch the hindmost," or get up and double quick it from here to save not only his hide from the tanyard but his body from the compost heap.

Get rich! and Georgia, through her watermelon start over her Southern sisters, will not only be the empire state of the South, but in less than half a century will be the empire state of the whole nation.

The great labor performed by nearly one-half of the inhabitants of the globe is very seldom spoken of or written about. I mean the unselfish, never ending work of the women of the land. And when I speak of women I do not mean these butterflies of fashion, the female dudes of society. They, too, work but it is the work of self-adornment. And the older they get, the more artistic work they have to do, until they get to be such experts that all they want is a frame to hang their dry goods on. For she can buy soft and silken curls to cover her denuded head. She can freshen up her faded complexion with powders and paints. She can cover her empty gums with white, pearly teeth. She can make her shrunken bust look full and voluptuous. After great toil she can

sail out upon the streets for an evening promenade with her full-flowing crinoline a regular man trap, not made so by her Creator but by some artistic dressmaker. Here she goes—false on top and false at bottom, false before and false behind, and very often with a false heart beating behind a false bosom. If mothers they ever become, they are the mothers of the educated boobies and brainless dudes, which infest the land.

The women I speak of are those thoughtful daughters who are ever ready to help and comfort their weary mothers—of those faithful wives who are helpmeets to their husbands; of those mothers who, with entire self-abnegation, devote themselves to the rearing of their children, only supported in her never-ending toil by that well of love that ever springs fresh and pure in a mother's heart. Her's is the only real and unselfish love that this world is blessed with. She nourishes and protects her offspring in childhood, and when grown beyond her maternal care, she will watch over and pray for them. The world may point the finger of scorn at them, but she is always ready to fold the returning prodigal in her loving arms, repentant or unrepentant.

If they would grow up to be an honor to her, oh! how proud she is, but she will cling to them even in their disgrace, and, should they die drunkards or felons, will go and weep over their dishonored graves, and forgive them, too.

Whilst labor is the strength of a country, its civilization and refinement are in exact proportion to the love and respect entertained for woman.

Solomon, that muchly married man who was famed for his wisdom, his wealth and his wives, wrote that after searching diligently he had not found one true woman in a thousand. Poor man, a thousand wives and not a true one. What a time he must have had. He must have found some one else's wife that was all right, for in his proverbs he paid a magnificent tribute to an industrious woman which partially atoned for his slanders upon the women whom he more than any one else had helped to debase. My experience has been altogether different from that of the magnificent Jewish sovereign, but I suppose it is altogether owing to the way a man has been raised and the kind of company he keeps, for I know that for purity, faithfulness and devotion to duty, they are superior to me or to any other man that ever lived, old Mr. Solomon not excepted.

It is easy and natural for any man to love the young and beautiful of the sex. I once saw a picture of Eve by one of the old masters as she came fresh from the Divine hand, a masterpiece of creative power. No rough apron of fig leaves marred that exquisite form. She was clothed in her own innocence and purity. I realized for the first time the full significance of the expression "That beauty is, when unadorned, adorned the most." It was hard to believe that she was made from the crooked rib of a man. She looked to me as if she was formed in Paradise, breathed upon by angels, and handed down upon a stair of stars for man to love and cherish forever.

But when beauty is gone, the eyes become dim and the cheeks furrowed with age and care and toil in their labors for mankind. It is then that the Anglo-Saxon race in general, and we of the South in particular, show our superiority over the rest of mankind by the veneration and respect for them because they are women. We honor ourselves by honoring them, for they are the conservators of all the morality, religion and even the civilization of the race.

Their reward is not of this world. I have known many faithful mothers who may not have attained a high character in society for Christian graces. She may not be a member of the sewing club, for she is the sewing machine of her own little circle. She may not belong to a missionary society, for she has the little heathen all around her and she is their missionary. She may be remiss in her attendance upon church, and have but little time to read the Bible,

and can only utter short and earnest prayers from an overburdened heart, but when she dies and her weary spirit appears at the celestial gates, St. Peter will ask her who she is and what she wants, and she will reply, "I have been a faithful wife and loving mother for lo, these many years, and I want rest."

St. Peter will open wide those everlasting gates, and inscribing her name in the long list of martyrs, will bid her enter. For having once been a married man himself he knows she has had punishment enough already.

Thousands sacrifice themselves upon the marriage altar for our good, and strange to say, that with the experience of centuries, thousands stand ready to be martyred on the same altar.

They will do anything for love, and if they can't get that, some will let their disappointment, like a worm in the bud, feed on their damask cheek, whilst they pine in thought, whilst those of the strong minded sort, will rush into the lecture field, join the salvation army, storm grog-shops, form women's rights societies, and do deeds to make the angels weep.

The true women of the land are not public brawlers. Modesty and retirement are their chief strength. For the administrative faculties are not hers. She plans no campaigns, or leads armies to battle, or fleets to victory. The forum is no place for her silver voice. She discerns not the course of the planets. Orion, with his belt, and Arcturus with his suns, are naught to her but pretty baubles set up in the sky. She guides no vessel through night and tempest across the trackless sea. She composes no Iliad. The strength of Milton's poetic vision is far beyond her delicate perception. She would have been affrighted at that fiery sea, upon whose flaming billows—

"Satan with head above the waves
And eyes that sparkling blazed."

For she reigns in the heart. Her seat and throne are by the hearthstone, and they are the salt which keeps the world from universal corruption!

I am done. As you noticed, I left my labor scarcely touched and went off on a picnic. It was too hard for a tyro like me. The subject is as vast as creation itself.

The labor for existence and the desire for reproduction, keep all animate things at constant work. We notice it in our great Caucasian race, the descendants of Adam, who was the Son of God—and we see it in the woolly headed African, and all these mongrel types, which came from—God only knows where.

We see it in the huge elephant which roams the tropical jungles, in the pride of his strength, and in the tiny mouse which nibbles the miller's meal sack. We see it in the leviathan which maketh the deep to boil like a pot, and in the animalculae which has brief existence in a drop of water.

All inanimate things are moved by the law of force. The rainbow which arches the Heavens with its blended beauty, the zephyr which fans the fevered cheeks, the summer lightning which purifies the atmosphere and adds beauty to the landscape, obey the same law which produces earthquakes, volcanoes, hurricanes and tempests.

The earth in obedience to the law of force is always in motion. With her sister planets and attendant satellites all whirl through space around the sun, with the same velocity, the same regularity as when dropped like balls from the hand of the Creator. The sun, with myriads of other suns, these stars who hold their festival around the midnight throne, mocking us with their unapproachable glories, all move around a common center which may be the throne of Deity himself.

Without haste, without rest, all move on forever! Work! It is everywhere. God works! for the Bible says he rested. Work! It reaches from the throne of God down through the shining courts, to the veriest atom of creation.

By LOUISE DuBOSE

Christmas

CHRISTMAS! What hallowed recollections lie wrapped in this name! It brings up pictures in memory distinctly defined—with "the strong and unperishing colors of mind." So potent is it in its effect that it seems instinct with life and joy. All the tender recollections of sweet, innocent, happy, childhood come teeming back upon the heart like the rainbow of hope and the benediction of peace. Even the hardest, coldest natures must soften and grow warm, as the sacred chimes usher in the nativity of the Christ child, in whom we move and have our being.

Ignore it as we may, lives are beautified and refined, hearts purified and made tenderer in spite of all this materialistic age by the observance of this feast, be it reckoned as sacred or merely a social one; the spirit of Jesus seems to pervade it in either case.

Let us go and trace the history of this remarkable day, this twenty-fifth of December, from the days of heathen rites, and superstitious customs, so varied, picturesque and weird to its crowning glory, its observance as Christ's birthday, down to the present time, so full of pessimists and iconoclasts, that we must "grapple to our souls with bands of steel" the ideals, hopes and faith, which gave strength to the greatest natures gone before, and will give it to all who follow.

When the Teuton and Celt roamed upon the bleak, unhospitable shores of the Baltic sea, whose companions were the hoar frost, hail, and the snowflake, and who worshipped Woden the all father, and quailed before the Valkyries whom they saw on every storm cloud and whose very Heaven, Valhalla, was full of the noise of battle,—this day was set apart as one of festivity and joy. This the turning point of the year. This winter solstice, the renewing of the forces of nature meant more to them than to others, perhaps. For after the long, dreary winter, shut in by the bitter cold and the snowdrifts, cowering in superstitious terror at the sobbing of the winds and the murmuring of the tides, with what delight must these

trembling, untutored souls have welcomed the coming of their Yule feast. With the dark fears quieted they gather around their board, weighted with the wild boar's flesh, and the ale, and with the holly and mistletoe, gathered with mystic rites, suspended from the walls, now red with the glowing light from the blazing Yule log thrown, they listen to the song of the Scot and the gleeman as they recount the deeds of prowess of their chiefs, and as they grew merrier and the wassail bowl went round they forgot the twilight of the gods and that Loki was struggling hard with his chains; and for a few blissful hours the terrible shadow was lifted which hung over their Valhalla.

Leaving them here with this day, let us fly on the wings of thought and alight in the land of music and song. See there that gleaming temple which shines in the sun's golden glow, and know we are under the sunny skies of Greece; and again on the pinions of thought we soar to the olive groves of Italy. Here the breezes are heavy with the fragrance of the oleander and the rose, and the nightingale pours forth her melody on the silvery silence of the night. The Lydian songs are sung as the blue waters of the Mediterranean and Aegean seas lap the fragrant shores. Yet here also we find this day set apart as a sacred feast. When the Romans were in the ascendant, Sol was honored on this day, as bringing more life and more beauty to their most joyous world. Here with a saturnalice of color and wild Bacchante abandon these sybarites, these favorites of fortune worshipped, too, their god. The beautiful custom of the Christmas tree can be traced back to these days and these people.

The Romish church, with its true instinct for the beautiful, adopted, purified and rededicated this day and some of its heathen customs, adding their ritual and glorious mass, and laid it at the feet of Jesus, who came either there, or so near it, that it made its adoption sure.

The early Puritan Parliament, however, abolished its observance as a sacred day, condemning the use of holly and mistletoe, God's own handiwork, and thereby taking away one of the most exquisite rites ever implanted in the human mind, and which has been the source and inspiration for some of the masterpieces of the world, both in painting and in music. Correggio's "Holy Night" is a living sermon, which all men may read. When the shepherds tended their flocks on the Judean hills, long ago, "and lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them," saying, "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you, is born this day in the city of David, a saviour, which is Christ, the Lord," and as a mighty host came down and sang "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The stamp of Divine approval was placed upon it and we are warranted in rejoicing and in celebrating this day in any way that our hearts dictate so long as it is in keeping with the spirit of Jesus.

Now this day is a necromancer, which opens the picture gallery of memory, and we see again the old home, we hear "the voices that are still, and we feel the beloved touch of the vanished hands" and though bent with age and sorrow, we long to cry out "Backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight, make me a child again just for tonight." Since this is true, how we children of older growth should strive to paint this genre picture with the tints of dawn, casting sunshine and joy and peace as we go. We could help the little ones gather their berries, hang their wreaths, make presents for young and old, as the twilight gathers on the Christmas Eve and the children draw 'round mother's and father's knees, to listen to the stories of the Bethlehem's babe, and from that to Kris Kringle, the spirit of the "Holy Night." What a time to impress upon their plastic minds, that happiness means the doing for others as well as self and that real joy may mean forgetfulness of self.

Then as they are tucked away in their little beds, with their hearts beating and minds filled with a half fearful delight, and listen again to the oft repeated poem,

"'Twas the night before Christmas,
When all through the house
Not a creature was stirring,
Not even a mouse,"

and then drop asleep to dream of the reindeer and the jingling of the bells, are we not teaching through this exquisite legend, this symbol the beauty and the duty of thought for others? As they grow older and these symbols fade, do they not hear again in the still air of memory, the Hosannas, of the angels and see that glorious shining host telling of the wondrous gift to mankind. Then maybe it will open wide the windows of our hearts letting in the sunshine of charity and love, giving us strength to help others to become more like Him, whose birthday we celebrate.

An Inexpensive Decoration for Christmas

A PRETTY decoration for the table for a Christmas dinner is to get a small prettily shaped cedar tree and fasten it securely to a plank so that it will not topple over. Place this in the center of the table, covering the plank with a piece of dark green crepe paper, and at the four corners put red wax candles. Decorate the tree with silver tinsel, small candles, small colored glass balls and little presents for each guest. All of these, even the present, can be bought for a penny each and will produce a wonderfully pretty effect. The presents always are a source of amusement.

A Norfolk Island pine with bows of red tulle or red crepe paper, beginning with small ones at the top and getting larger as they go down between the branches, makes a lovely plant for Christmas.

Balls of holly tied with red ribbon are pretty and bright for Christmas decorations.

Pretty favors for a Christmas party are snowballs made of cotton batting, sprinkled with crystal snow, and ornamented with white baby ribbon and sprig of mistletoe.

How few bright, cheerful dispositions, bringing sunshine where there is sorrow and misfortune, one meets? What a blessing such a one is to humanity, and what a pity more of us do not cultivate it. How easy it would be to get in the habit of always looking on the bright side of life, of thinking agreeable thoughts of people and things, for there is nothing so bad that some good cannot be found, if we would only try.

One of our greatest faults is that of looking so eagerly for the evil in our neighbors, and rejoicing over it, never for a moment suspecting that we might be guilty of just the same thing. Would it not be better to begin with one's self, for generally the fault is there and we like to blame others.

Have a pleasant word for everyone, cheer up some poor soul who is in trouble by a look or a hand-shake—it would cost you nothing and be a blessing.

There is no greater happiness than in being unselfish, and doing little deeds of kindness. The world loves an optimist, but shuns a pessimist.

White Fruit Cake.

1 pound flour, 1 pound butter, 1 pound white sugar, 1 pound blanched almonds, 2 pounds citron, 1 grated cocoanut, whites of 16 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder.

Sift flour and baking powder together five times.

Black Fruit Cake.

1 pound butter, 1 pound sugar, 2 pounds raisins, 2 pounds currents, ½ pound citron, 1 nutmeg, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, ½ glass sherry, ½ glass brandy, 10 eggs.

One-half tumbler of cloves and spice to be mixed with the wine and brandy.

Bake about three hours.

SAY OF OTHER EDITORS

Success.

Not for the world's praise be thy task,
Not for the laurel wreath;
The crown of thorns may deck thy brow,
Thy sword rust in its sheath—
And yet thy fame shall fail thee not,
Though marred thy beauteous plan,
If thou but measure, in thy shroud,
The stature of a man.

A king once said of a foe, "How tall he is dead."

Did you ever think of that? A man's measure after death. Perhaps that is the way that life meant men to be measured after all. Did you ever notice that a man dies sometimes, and the world says of him, "There is a good man gone," or else, "There is a great man dead." And there is a great funeral and the multitudes follow him to the grave, which is banked deep with flowers, and the "mourners go for a little while about the streets," and then—that is the end of it. The man has left nothing behind him to fill out the measure of a great manhood. He has done no great work, nothing that will live longer than his own little day of life.

On the other hand, a man dies, one, perhaps, that the world regarded sometimes severe; a man who had some foes, and whose hand fell heavily where wrong was present. But when he is dead, how large he measures; this man who would not sacrifice right and justice and the blessed privilege of independence for the sake of the world's pat on the back. That is all very well while living, but how it dwarfs the corpse of greatness. The man who is truly broad, and great, and powerful, must needs have many foes as he goes along; no true worth ever yet catered to the world's admiration. And no great man ever yet sacrificed his principles to his ambitions that he did not forfeit the measure of his shroud.

A man may bear a good deal for the sake of that which he believes in; and a man may bear a good deal for the sake of "measuring tall" after death. True greatness, real achievement, cannot die; no more can pretense and make-believe fill up the shroud of greatness. History may sometimes blunder for a season, but time, the wonderful, will sooner or later right the wrong with his perfect measurement?—W. A. Dromgoole, in Nashville Banner.

Shall the Democratic Party Die?

In a letter printed elsewhere on this page Morris Hillquit, the ablest and most brilliant of the Socialist leaders in New York, concedes the truth of The World's assertion that if the Democratic party dies the Jeffersonian theory of government dies with it. "What of it?" asks Mr. Hillquit, who proceeds to argue that "the Jeffersonian theory of government is sorely out of place in the twentieth century."

The World does not believe that either this country or civilization has outgrown the Jeffersonian principles. It does not believe that "individual liberty of citizens in the field of industry means nothing but unchecked license of the class in power." That argument would apply to government as well as to industry.

It is the Jeffersonian principle of government which has enabled labor in this country to achieve a freedom, a prosperity and a standard of living never before known to human history. It is the Jeffersonian principle which re-

pealed the old laws of caste and privilege, which established universal suffrage, which made labor free and gave it the weapon by which it has kept itself free.

All that labor is entitled to in a republic is a fair field and no favors. That is all capital is entitled to. That is all anybody is entitled to. Both socialism and capitalism are identical in that they seek special privileges by force of government. They differ only as to who shall be the chief beneficiary of these privileges. The Jeffersonian principle is opposed to both of these systems, just as it is opposed to Republican paternalism and plutocracy.

The further the nation gets away from the Jeffersonian principles of government the more complicated will be its economic and political problems and the more hopeless the task of finding a solution.—New York World.

Birth Rates and Immigration.

While Russia, Germany, Great Britain, Italy and Austria-Hungary are each and all increasing in population, France is actually decreasing. The deaths in France exceed the births. Since 1904 Germany has gained 822,000 in population, while France has actually lost 20,000.

But this is not quite as bad as it looks, for those countries in Europe which are increasing in population are the countries that are sending emigrants to the ends of the earth. Those countries are filling not only the United States, but Argentina and Brazil and Australia with people. France sends out few or no emigrants. The surplus people—that is to say, those who cannot earn a living at home—go to other countries, while the people of France stay at home. The result at the end of the century may not be so much against France as present figures suggest. The chief colonies of France are near at hand in Africa, and if her possessions in Africa can be developed as the home country has been she will be strong enough to defend herself and to secure a voice in the world's affairs.

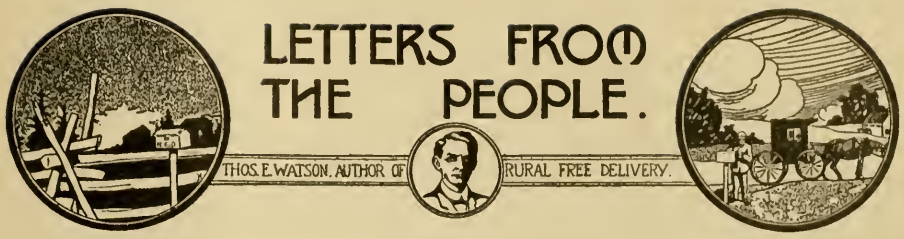
The number of children should be proportioned to the means of living, and France may be endeavoring to fit this rule to herself. Any other rule means a lower scale of living, and in the long run it means emigration, and emigration is not pleasant to contemplate. Americans never do look at it from the European point of view, but we may be sure it is adopted as a last resort in a trying situation.—Louisville Herald.

How Fashions Are Made.

The foibles of men are not fewer nor less grotesque than the foibles of their sisters, wives and sweethearts. If fashion decree it, we shall all walk on our elbows and wear rings on our toes When King Edward went into London from his pheasant shooting and forgot to change his hat, he drove all the clubby fellows into a wild scramble getting to the hatters. Next day dear old Lunnon was fairly bobbing with the perky green things and their feathers. A king's forgetfulness had made a world's fashion overnight. Humans are queer creatures, ever ready to kiss the robe of folly to win her smiles.—Washington Star.

Fears Debs' Party.

Eugene Debs, in the red special, ended his phenomenal tour of the East with a big meeting at Baltimore last week, and started westward, so that his itinerary paralleled that of Judge Taft through Indiana Thursday, the same audiences often hearing both candiates. Leaders of both the old parties were astounded at the evidence of socialist gains in many sections shown in various polls This is a most alarming state of affairs, and bodes no good to the country. Socialism is but one step removed from anarchism, and after that the judgment. —Alexandria Gazette.



Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 14, 1908.

Dear Mr. Watson:

The article by the Hon. E. L. Dohoney in the October number of the Jeffersonian gave me a great deal of pleasure. After preparing a speech to be delivered before a prominent club in this city, I found in the Jeffersonian his article referred to, and at first I imagined that this honorable gentleman had stolen my thunder, but after a more sensible conclusion, I realized that I had not stolen his thunder, but that we were following along on the same lines. I fully agree with his statements, having been an officer in two state prisons in the state of Michigan.

Our Northern prisons are controlled by the political parties in power, and the wardens and officers are chosen, for their political influence, and not for their fitness for office. In the last prison I was in, which for 50 years had been run by the Republican party, every two years it cost the taxpayers from eighteen to twenty thousand dollars, and when the grand old Greenback party came into power, (a twin sister to Populism) we cleared $28,080.15 during the two years. Under Republican rule it has gone back to their usual loss. Mr. Dohoney is right in contending that: "Every person is entitled to the proceeds of his labor." The law of the State of Michigan farms out to contractors the labor of its convicts, at from 40 to 60 cents per day.

In one case, I discharged a convict who had been confined for 30 years, and when discharged he was given a cheap suit of clothes and the sum of $7.50 in cash to commence a new life. What an outrage, and yet it was the law of the State. I would add to Mr. Dohoney's statement, that when trusted clerks, bank cashiers, stock swindlers, and professional thieves obtained money which did not belong to them, that they be confined in prison, under pay for their labor, less the cost of board and clothes, until every dollar was returned, besides the cost of prosecution.

In that case, these public thieves would be apt to think twice before they committed a crime. When a man robs another, the law should compel him to return every dollar, even if he had to work the balance of his life. Men out of work will steal before they will starve, therefore society is in duty bound to give every man a chance to earn an honest living, and in order to accomplish that, every prominent city should provide the opportunity for him to do so. Thousands of dollars are fooled away by grafts and otherwise, which ought to be expended in building a manufactory where men could work and earn an honest living.

If cities can build fifty to one hundred thousand churches, they ought to devote some of their contributions for the protection of society against poverty and crime. Georgia has made one good move, now let her be the first to complete the work of reform.

As the grand old principles of Greenbackism and Populism have

failed to reach every human instinct of right and justice in our country, I have about concluded that the mass of the American people are not capable of self-government.

G. Major Taber.

Griswold, Iowa, Oct. 4, 1908.

Hon. Thos. E. Watson.

Dear Sir, Friend and Fellow laborer in the cause:

Recent events bring to mind the memorable words, "The combat thickens—on ye brave who rush to victory or the grave."

The prospect brightens for radical reform. So far as the efforts looking to the election of President and Vice-President are concerned, the two Bills have the floor.

One of them ("The Peerless") I think may be regarded politically as a dead duck. The other with great pomposity is the figure head of the Taft Republican touring car, containing representatives of all the trusts, stock jobbers and gamblers of Wall street. Now there is another class that I want to talk to you about, they have nearly all voted in the past with the Republican party.

The present Republican party nominees don't suit them, neither does the other twin appeal to them as worthy of their consideration.

I read in some Populist paper awhile ago that some campaign manager down in Texas was making arrangements to have every voting precinct in the west visited by a corps of intelligent orators who would tell them what's what. I am thinking that if such an arrangement could be carried out, they would find their efforts amply rewarded and Watson and Williams would be the men of the hour, so far as Iowa is concerned.

You may consider me a life subscriber to the Jeffersonians, in yearly installments. I shall respond soon or sooner.

Very respectfully,

J. N. Martin,

Fort Gaines, Ga., Oct. 19, 1908.

Dear Mr. Watson:

Enclosed you will find check to the amount of $6.15. Our subscription to your paper expires in November and we don't want to miss a single number. Five dollars and fifteen cents for your two publications, and the daily Georgian and the other dollar is for the campaign fund. My husband and I are staunch supporters of Thomas E. Watson, and we would be the happiest couple in these United States, if you could be elected president. We have never swerved from our allegiance to Tom Watson and the Populist party. If you could be elected we could truly say, that the grandest man on the American continent was in the presidential chair. My husband will go to Arlington to hear you speak on the 21st, and if it be possible for me to leave home too I will certainly go. I heard you once in Cuthbert and have always wanted to hear you again. My husband has heard you several times, and always falls more and more in love with you. Send some tickets to him and he will do his best for you in the election. When you were a candidate in 1904 we had a Tom Watson rally at our house and I wrote a piece and sang it to the tune of "Wait for the Wagon." I send it to you, with the changes, of course, that had to be made with change of candidates. If you will let me, I will write again soon. My husband joins me in best wishes for you and the election. Shall I sign myself your friend?

Mrs. W. H. Mandeville.

THE PASSING OF GOLD; or, What is Lawful Money? By Hon. Albert Talmon Morgan. The Myers-Kuhn Printing Company, Denver, Col.

Out of a small book which teems with many wise sayings, the following terse axioms in monetary science are apt to stick in the memory longer than the elaborate arguments employed to illustrate and prove their truth:

"We can no more regulate the value of money having for its base anything possessing commodity or market value than we can the direction of the wind.

"When we make any one commodity a legal tender in the payment of debts we not only invite and stimulate speculation in that one, but also in all that may in any manner be brought 'into contact' with it.

"When we succeed in bringing all our credits 'into contact' with gold we will have so narrowed the range of prices as to make it possible for owners of gold to raise or lower the price of everything according to their will.

"When we shall have given to any other power than ourselves the free regulation of prices we will have also surrendered the power as well as the right of self-government."

The author shows the viciousness of the gold, or any other standard of money which has in itself a commodity value, and his appeal for a scientific currency is in high degree dignified, sound and clear.

THE NEW LIFE THEOLOGY. The New Life Religion. By John Fair. Issued by the Fair Publication House Philadelphia. Price $2.00.

This over-long book, in four volumes, is evidently submitted in the sincere desire to lead the world to the author's own intense religious faith and zeal. Indeed, it would be utterly unjustified otherwise, for there is nothing in the so-called "New" Theology which has not been much better said by others full many a time in all the ages past. It voices the writer's belief in immortality and the beneficent purposes of the Creator with a vehemence—almost a desperation—that leads one to suspect he has his moments of wrestling with the darkest doubts, as do most mortals, no matter how great their faith. And who has ever solved the problems of life and

of the soul with a deeper wisdom, a sweeter reliance—a more superb finality of infinite confidence than Job summed in one sentence: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him!" Mr. Fair takes much space to express the same sentiment, in which no doubt he finds a peace and content he would gladly share with the rest of humanity, and his personal religion should therefore be held a thing quite outside the pale of the critic. Unfortunately, however, the assertions of one individual cannot impart the intangible quality of faith to another.

As for those portions of the work which treat of "healing," etc., one is merely reminded of Mrs. Eddy's "Science and Health." Ambiguities abound and her peculiar reiteration that God is Good, therefore Good is God, is imitated in the words: "Jesus is Christ; Christ is Jesus," a pious pendulum upon which the attention may swing until it drops off from sheer dizziness without proving anything, so far as the ordinary mind is concerned.

Insofar as Mr. Fair pleads for unity and co-operation in all the churches, instead of the present rivalry of varying dogmas, he voices the wish of many for a truer and more compelling spirit of Christianity throughout the universe. Evidently he does not hope for the evangelization of the world through sectarian means; and, while he credits the churches with much good, he holds that "restless, striving humanity" is unconsciously seeking Christ and must find Him through other sources.

BOOKS RECEIVED: Will be reviewed later.

USURY. By Calvin Elliott. Published by the Anti-Usury League, Millersburg, Ohio.

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A Set of 26 Handsome Pieces of Rogers' Silver Plated Cullery—6 tablespoons, 6 table forks, 6 teaspoons, 6 triple-plated table knives; 1 butter knife, 1 sugar spoon. A very handsome set. The retail price of this premium is $15.

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ADDRESS

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Waterloo, - - - - $1.50

This is a thorough and intelligent account of the three days' struggle. Mr. Watson analyzes the characters of the generals in command; he describes in detail the positions occupied by the various bodies of soldiery, and compares the relative strength and advantage of the several positions; he searches, so far as may be, into the motives and strategy of the two opposing generals, and he discusses the spirit and character of the two armies. Step by step, without haste and with unflagging interest, he resolves the confusion, "the shouting and the tumult," to an orderly sequence, a "clear-cut study of cause and effect."

Life and Speeches of Thos. E. Watson, - - $1.50

The Biographical Sketch was written by Mr. Watson, and the Speeches selected by him. These include Literary, Labor-Day, Economic and Political addresses.

Handbook of Politics and Economics, - - - $1.00

Contains platforms and history of political parties in the United States, with separate chapters on important legislation, great public questions, and a mass of valuable statistical information on social and economic matters. Illustrated by original cartoons by Gordon Nye.

Sketches of Roman History, - - - - - - - .50

The Gracchi, Marius, Sylla, Spartacus, Jugurtha, Julius Caesar, Octavius, Anthony and Cleopatra. Pictures the struggle of the Roman people against the class legislation and privilege which led to the downfall of Rome.

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